

THE LIVING AGE



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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.'

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THE GUIDE POST

SELDOM have we presented so many anonymous contributions in a single issue, but it so happens that the subjects that seem to us most important at the moment are not the ones on which eminent individuals care to pass judgment publicly. First and foremost is the question of recovery. Almost every notable figure in every country has repeatedly prophesied that the world was on its way back to prosperity, but things have gone steadily from bad to worse and now that we have witnessed the first sustained improvement in two years, nobody dares to suggest that the turn has come. But the *Week-end Review*, which has been conspicuous for its sanity and for its accurate anticipation of trouble during the past twelve months, now asserts with some reservations that conditions are mending. It never did agree with the more radical press that capitalism was doomed and it is therefore probably correct in hailing the recent spurt as a genuine change, for if capitalism cannot repair itself soon the prophets of disaster indeed speak the truth.

THE SUBJECT of armament manufacture is just as ticklish as recovery, though for different reasons. The Union of Democratic Control of 34 Victoria Street, London, S. W. 1, an independent group of researchers, has published a pamphlet entitled *The Secret International*. We have reprinted the first half of this brochure, which contains most of the facts, and the closing paragraphs. It is more than sensational. Not only does it name names but it gives a complete picture of the whole armament industry, naturally concentrating attention on Great Britain. Next month we hope to translate portions of a similar pamphlet published in France. Having called attention in recent issues to the immediate war scares of the past summer, we shall now devote space to the larger aspects of the war danger, which

has subsided only because of the approach of winter.

FROM THE LONDON *Economist* we reprint two editorials on world problems. The first is a statistical summary of world economics containing specific information that will help to explain many of our more partisan articles, past and future. We also present in full the *Economist's* interpretation of the Ottawa Conference. Because the details of the agreements arrived at have not been made public, enthusiasm for them is more emotional than intelligent, whereas criticism of the protectionist principles involved is specific. We doubt whether what the *Economist* says is the last word on the subject, but it is certainly the most adequate word to date. The hope for Ottawa is that it may prove the point of departure for other regional trading agreements that will break down some existing tariff barriers.

THE SIGNATURE 'X X X' conceals a Frenchman who not only knows Italy but sympathizes with some of the aims of Fascism. Chiefly because Mussolini checked a Communist revolution his followers are all regarded as ultra-reactionaries, whereas, in actuality, the Fascist Party is so constituted that a kind of 'palace revolution' could turn it into something quite different. X X X rightly devotes most of his attention to the psychological effects of Fascism on the younger generation, whose members possess the same vitality and even some of the same ideas as the young Communists. Relations between Mussolini and the Pope have never been wholly friendly, and at the same time relations between Rome and Moscow have long been cordial. There is still a lot of unexploded dynamite on Italian soil, as the French are quite aware.

(Continued on page 187)

THE LIVING AGE

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In 1844



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The World Over

WITHIN A FEW YEARS the Ottawa Conference is likely to be regarded as the most important gathering of 1932. Debts and reparations are taking care of themselves—Lausanne merely gave official recognition to a *fait accompli*. Nor will disarmament be settled by a handful of delegates in Geneva. It will be determined in part by the attitude of individual governments toward the munition makers—a subject we are again emphasizing in this issue—and in part by the natural growth and decay of certain states. At Ottawa, on the other hand, a group of statesmen really tried to anticipate events. Ever since the War, England has been able to live off her immense foreign investments and thus has staved off collapse. But the fall of the pound a year ago constituted a danger signal that the Government had previously anticipated to some extent in the Macmillan and May reports. The minds of the leading statesmen, financiers, industrialists, and economists had been prepared for certain changes, specifically in respect to foreign trade—the lifeblood of the British Isles.

There were three possible solutions. The Liberal Party, true to the principle of free trade, advocated thorough rationalization, the scrapping of old plants and the construction of new ones that would enable England to compete on equal terms with other nations. Most Tories and some renegade Liberals favored Empire free trade, which meant a prohibitive protective tariff against foreign goods and free exchange of

empire products—a self-supporting British Commonwealth of Nations. A third, predominantly Tory group urged a revival of British agriculture to make England less dependent on imported food-stuffs and at the same time to create a more prosperous domestic market for British manufactures. The Labor Party feared rationalization because of technological unemployment and it opposed the other two solutions because they both would raise the price of food. Having no economic policy of its own except to maintain wages in the face of a general recession of business, it drifted into futility.

The first thing the National Government did when it came into power was to slap on protective tariffs. Ottawa merely carried one step further a process that had been continuing without interruption for nearly a year. But it would be a mistake at this early hour to regard Ottawa as a triumph for undiluted protection. It is, rather, a typical British venture into compromise. There is *some* protection involved, of course, though not nearly as much as Lord Beaverbrook demanded, but there is also some encouragement to wider if not freer trade, and there may be hope for the British farmer, too. The most disturbing and significant aspect of the Ottawa agreements is the secrecy that has surrounded them. All opponents of the National Government cannot help feeling that it has something to hide, and even the *Economist*, which has supported the Government more often than not, regards the whole business as a snare and a delusion. We have reprinted its leading editorial on the subject complete, not so much because we are convinced that the conference was a failure as because the most intelligent, unbiased minds in England are not yet convinced that it was a success. For our part, we are inclined to believe that these few words from the *Week-end Review* say about all that can be said at the present time:—

All that can yet be said is that some important conditions for the required change of spirit have been created. The attractions for the Dominions of the United States' high-protectionist pattern have been heavily offset by the new coöperative system sketched at Ottawa. Although there will be chronic difficulties, it would be unwise to suppose that any of the Dominions will fail to make some contribution to the new economic community. This community can probably be fitted into an elementary world economy with much less difficulty than some Liberal and Labor critics of Ottawa seem to believe. When the World Economic Conference is over, and the Ottawa settlement gets into its stride, there is reason to hope that considerable steps toward world planning will be found necessary and practicable.

There are three indications that Ottawa does not bind England more closely to the Empire and cut her off from other countries. A British Trade Exhibition in Copenhagen is increasing the sales of British goods in Denmark. The Argentine ambassador to London has made concrete proposals for trade agreements mutually advantageous to his country

and England. And the steady increase of exports to Russia is to be encouraged by a more generous credit policy.

ANOTHER GOOD SIGN in England is the success of the War Loan Conversion scheme, whereby 90 per cent of an issue of 5 per cent bonds worth over two billion pounds was exchanged for $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent bonds, the unconverted 10 per cent being redeemed in cash. Expressed in other terms, nine Englishmen out of ten prefer three and a half per cent on their money to cash in hand, the point of course being that three and a half per cent is all that they can get anywhere with safety. The budget has thus been cut 23 million pounds a year, and the confidence of British investors in their currency and credit has been displayed before the whole world. But, most important of all, this cut of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in interest probably foreshadows similar cuts in other countries. Reduction of dividends is a necessary prelude to recovery, and England has set an example that other countries are likely to follow.

One important string, however, is still attached to the conversion scheme. In order to prevent capital from going elsewhere, the British Treasury had to impose on June 30 what it refers to as a 'so-called "embargo"' on new capital issues in London. Although the War Loan is now converted, this embargo remains in force except for two trivial modifications, the explanation being that by December 1 the Treasury must meet several other demands (nothing has been said, by the way, about war-debt payments on December 15). The rise of American stocks, which started off with a good deal of British buying, met its first setback when London investors began to sell in early September and collect profits as high as 100 per cent. In October, when the embargo is likely to be eased, they will therefore have more capital to invest in any new domestic issues that may be allowed.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION of the higher international morality in action has been provided by the experts of the British Foreign Office, who, according to the *Journal de Genève's* London correspondent, showed themselves disposed to permit Germany greater latitude in respect to land armaments but resolutely opposed any suggestion of naval equality or restoration of former German colonies, most of which seem to be in British hands. The *Journal des Débats*, one of the organs of the French heavy industries and therefore not an entirely disinterested or unimportant party, makes this logical observation:—

Our neighbors across the Channel believe that the Reich is justified in demanding the right to rearm on land, but that on the sea it's something else again. We, like they, are convinced that the abolition of the naval clauses from the Versailles Treaty would be fatal and would prepare the way for war. But

legally they are in the wrong if they indorse the German thesis as far as the Reich army is concerned and reject it in respect to the navy. It is on land that the Germans have constantly and cynically violated the treaty, and their demands should be turned down all the more vigorously for that reason; on the sea, where it is harder to dissimulate, they have ingeniously created first-class ships in the form of pocket cruisers without breaking their word; consequently from a legal point of view the Berlin Government would find it easier to justify naval expansion with more or less solid arguments.

The editorial closes on a plaintive note:—

As for the famous Pact of Confidence, we hope that it will never be mentioned to us again. But, pact or no pact, should not M. Herriot have profited from his sojourn in Lausanne to the extent of telling Mr. McDonald with all the necessary positiveness that France will absolutely oppose *Gleichberechtigung* because the rearmament of Germany would certainly endanger peace?

THE EXPEDITION of Mr. Montagu Norman—who prefers to be known to Americans as a Skinner—also caused Paris to protest that the Pact of Confidence was being ignored. If Mr. Norman were not one of the most powerful figures in England, his furtive visit to the rock-bound coast of Maine would have been turned to universal ridicule. But the comic aspects of his trip were overshadowed by the suspicions, irritations, and speculations that it aroused. The more conservative London papers maintained as much dignity and silence as they could under the circumstances, but the Laborite *Daily Herald* excitedly assured its readers that Mr. Norman was making ‘highly important financial and political preparations for the World Economic Conference’ with ‘American financiers and bankers,’ while at the same time Sir Herbert Samuel, Mr. MacDonald’s right-hand man, was cooking up something equally mysterious with Premier Herriot in a secret conference on the island of Jersey. The *Daily Telegraph*, using much smaller type, provided more genuine information and said that Mr. Norman’s mission included six points:—

1. The extension of the Hoover Moratorium on war loans (which is due to end on December 15).
2. Revision and reduction of war debts, following the cancellation of reparations payments.
3. The stabilization of sterling preparatory to a return to the gold standard.
4. An exchange of information and opinions with officers of the central banks on banking questions.
5. A general inquiry regarding the financial and business situation in the United States, with special reference to the rise in the stock, bond, and commodity markets.
6. The prospects of launching an international loan—variously estimated at from £500,000,000 to £1,000,000,000—for the liquidation of war debts, if and when these are reduced.

If Mr. Norman and his American friends were able to agree on one-third of these subjects the French are indeed justified in fearing that the revived Entente Cordiale has suffered a relapse.

BUT THERE ARE other indications which suggest that Anglo-French coöperation has only begun. Back in April our leading note in this department called attention to the likelihood that France and England would pursue a common policy in respect to debts and reparations in the immediate future. This prophecy, which came true in the form of the Gentlemen's Agreement, was based on what looked like an inspired series of articles by Brigadier General E. L. Spears in the *Daily Telegraph*. The fact that the General has again taken up the cudgels for the French—saying that 'the Englishman visiting France to-day cannot help noting with satisfaction the excellent effect a better understanding with Great Britain has had in that country'—indicates that the Entente Cordiale is still very much alive in official quarters. This time, however, the General does not urge a definite pro-French policy on the Foreign Office—that would be a work of supererogation; instead, he justifies French suspicions of Germany and attacks Von Schleicher's demands for armament equality:—

The Frenchman reading his daily paper notes with disquiet the murderous zest with which political parties deal with each other in the Reich. He reflects that people who think so little of a score or so of killed as the price of an afternoon's promenade behind a flag are likely to have less consideration still for people who are not their fellow citizens, and perforce he is reminded of the war he would fain forget.

But, if these manifestations arouse disquiet, authoritative declarations such as that recently made by General von Schleicher cause positive alarm. That minister has done more than send a tremor down the spine of a worried bourgeoisie; he has caused real anxiety among thinking and influential Frenchmen, and discouraged those who were prepared to follow up the success of the Lausanne Conference by further efforts to satisfy in the future those of Germany's claims that can be classified as legitimate.

He then turns around and points out that Germany has some right to demand a readjustment of the Polish Corridor and suggests a complicated series of tunnels and bridges as the way out. He ends his article by trying to reconcile the French and German points of view, after urging France to try to prevail on Poland to adopt a more conciliatory attitude:—

With a fair knowledge of French opinion I feel certain that the growing alarm France undoubtedly feels to-day is being forced upon her much against her will. She made great concessions at Lausanne; her people by their votes at the last election showed their pacific desires. Let us see that that good will is not wasted and allowed to turn sour, and that Germany is given a chance of showing that she, too, is capable, in the late M. Briand's words, of 'talking European.'

What seems to be happening is that England is urging her French ally to show greater consideration toward Germany and less toward Poland, the ultimate idea being to form a united European front.

UNLIKE THE PEASANTS of Russia, the peasants of France sowed more wheat this year than last and, again unlike the Russians, a bumper crop is the last thing in the world they want. For the yield promises to be so great that the price of wheat has fallen from 175 francs a quintal to 105 francs, which does not even cover the cost of production. Because half the people in France still live off the soil, this shock is comparatively more serious than the corresponding slump in wheat prices in the United States, where a similar price drop occurred last year. When Tardieu was minister of agriculture in the Laval cabinet, he succeeded in keeping the price of wheat in France above the world level, thus creating the conditions that brought about this year's overproduction. But the price slump may be checked if the French market can consume all the grain that is now being offered for sale by a frantic peasantry. On the other hand, if the harvest comes up to expectations and an exportable surplus remains to be sold at world prices, an organization corresponding to our Farm Board will have to be established to fix the domestic price and sell the surplus abroad at a loss. What is happening is that France, a world in miniature by virtue of the balance that it has established between agriculture and industry, is feeling the effects of agricultural overproduction just like the larger world from which it has cut itself off. Up to now France has been an exception to the economic laws that cause most nations to depend on each other for their prosperity. But the same contradictory forces that have thrown the whole world out of kilter threaten to destroy the balance of France too.

FRENCH FINANCE, like French agriculture, is suffering from the crisis of capitalism. The most salutary result of the depression in France has been the decision to reduce defense expenditures for 1933 by about a billion and a half francs. The budget for the current financial year, which runs from April 1 to December 31, was also curtailed 125,000,000 francs by the Emergency Finance Act, which was approved on July 15 and goes into effect October 1. Under this Act, all administrative expenditure is to be cut by an amount equal to five per cent of the pay of the nation's civil and military personnel. For the national revenue had declined more than 33 per cent during July and was falling 25 per cent behind the estimates. Income taxes for July, the greatest month of the year, amounted to only one-third of what they did a year ago, and foreign trade sank to the lowest point it has touched since the franc was

stabilized, having diminished 40 per cent in twelve months. Unemployment reached its peak, and the London *Statist* prophesies that France's last line of defense has begun to crumble now that more gold is leaving the country than entering it:—

Various considerations incline bankers to the belief that sooner or later France will lose gold to the United States. The heavy trade deficit, the shrinkage of invisible exports, the usual seasonal purchasing of raw materials in the autumn, —there will be additional purchasing for such if business revives and commodity prices rise,—the attraction of the Wall Street market, doubts about the outlook for the French national finances—all these things seem to indicate a tendency for capital, foreign as well as French, to leave France. It is fortunate that the Bank, with a gold cover of almost 77 per cent for sight liabilities and over 100 per cent for the circulation, can view with equanimity the possibility of losing the metal. And, incidentally, it may well lose metal to London as well as New York, once sterling is replaced on a gold basis. There will surely be no attempt to prevent its going out. The Bank's foreign exchange is down to a minimum, at five billion francs, mainly sterling, it is believed; and in any case there is full recognition of the fact that the present gold reserve is abnormally high.

Francis Delaisi's ominous prophecies of a financial and political panic are not yet on the point of fulfillment, but the course of events that he anticipated is so far running true to form.

THE LAWS OF NATURE are conspiring with the laws of economics to reduce the fighting forces of France. Next year will mark the beginning of the five-year period during which the comparative sterility of the war period will become evident. During 1933 the potential mothers born in 1915 will reach marriageable age and their diminished numbers will be reflected in fewer births during the subsequent twelve months. In 1935 the young men born in 1915 will reach conscriptable age, but in such diminished numbers that a drop of about 100,000 in new effectives is estimated. The decrease in population due to war-time sterility will total about 1,200,000 over the next five years, giving an annual shortage of 120,000 of each sex. The Germans, being more addicted to statistics than the French, estimated long ago that their population would suffer an even greater comparative decline, not only as a result of the War but because of the hard times since—abortions in Germany are now estimated at a million a year. France, therefore, need not fear being crowded off the face of the earth by sheer force of numbers from across the Rhine, and both countries, having more room at home, may be less eager for places in the sun abroad.

THE ACTION OF THE VON PAPEN CABINET in seizing the government offices of the State of Prussia on July 20 turns out to have been the very *coup d'état* that Hitler was expected to accomplish by other

means. It was a remarkable performance, and the men responsible for it, who were conceded only a few months in office when they succeeded Brüning last May, can now count on retaining power as long as the present political deadlock continues. For, with the working class divided into Communists and Socialists, with Hitler far short of a real majority, and, above all, with the Centre Party under Brüning's leadership having antagonized every other group with which it might have formed a parliamentary coalition, the Von Papen-Von Schleicher régime can count on its opponents to spend their energies attacking one another. Also, Von Papen has stolen his thunder from several different quarters. Brüning's Emergency Decrees made the country accustomed to non-parliamentary government and Von Schleicher's attitude toward Poland and disarmament has satisfied the Nazi rank and file. Much, of course, depends on the vast job-creation plan that is being hurriedly put through to ward off revolution, for if conditions do not improve violent outbreaks will recur. But discontent alone does not make a revolution—the ruling class must lose the will to govern and, whatever else Von Papen and Von Schleicher may suffer from, they are not troubled with an inferiority complex, not even in the aggressive form that it has assumed in Hitler. Hence the military camarilla now installed in Berlin should be able to govern Germany until the country itself changes.

MORE CANNOT be said about Germany's immediate situation—we made the mistake two months ago of attempting short-range interpretation and followed most of the best judges of Germany in prophesying a short span of life for Von Papen and a reorganization of nationalist forces under Von Schleicher and Von Neurath. But Von Papen himself has remained in power and it is now clear that Von Schleicher, like all men of mark, is not so much a director of events as one who understands their trend and acts in the light of that understanding. For twelve years he has been studying the antics of the various politicians and watching Germany glide from the brink of Bolshevism to Socialism and then move steadily further to the right under the successive influences of Ebert, Stresemann, Hindenburg, and Brüning. He has seen the Socialists floundering from compromise to compromise until they were finally taking orders from a Roman Catholic Chancellor whose party was half as large as theirs and advocating as president an ex-royalist ex-field marshal. He saw Brüning suspending the Constitution, governing by decree, stealing the thunder of the Nazis by promoting the customs union with Austria and refusing to pay reparations. Finally, the moment that shrewd and patient Chancellor announced that he was one hundred yards from his goal, he was suddenly ejected from office by a military dictatorship that owes its present power to precisely those forces

he himself encouraged in the past. It is now up to Von Schleicher to prove that he can continue to act as the situation demands and change with the times.

DURING THE PAST YEAR the Soviet Government has begun to stop discriminating against certain nonproletarian groups and has even granted favors to peasants who possessed a little property. Directly in line with this development is the new attitude toward the intellectual classes, chiefly the teachers, musicians, and writers. Not only has the censorship been lifted from certain books and plays that were suppressed a few years ago as counter-revolutionary, but the individuals who used to criticize the state are showing a more friendly spirit to Communism now that they are receiving better treatment. For instance, there is the case of the dramatist, Bulgakov, whose play, *Days of the Turbiny*, is now being performed, though it was suppressed two years ago because it contained bourgeois and nationalist ideology, and who is writing regularly for one of the Moscow theatres. Then there was a dispute between an independent union of musicians and a 'proletarian' group which ended with the compulsory dissolution of all extreme left-wing groups of musicians, artists, and writers. So far the teachers have been the slowest to take advantage of their newly gained freedom and they are supporting the state just as loyally as if their lives still depended on it. Possibly they are fully converted, possibly they are feeling their way, possibly they have not yet made up their minds. In any case, the additional good will that now exists on both sides can do no harm.

REPORTS OF INCREASING DIFFICULTIES in Japan are not confined to hostile Chinese papers; the Japanese Department of Commerce has just published statistics showing that the decline of the yen has failed to stimulate exports, and the Japanese Department of Finance has declared that tax revenues declined about 100,000,000 yen during the fiscal year that ended May 31. The *Tokyo Asahi*, a liberal daily, sees no hope of improvement and criticizes with particular bitterness the economic prophets who have been announcing that Japan's abandonment of the gold standard would increase exports. And the condition of the people is considerably worse than the condition of the statistical ledgers. The Tokyo correspondent of the *North China Daily News*, organ of the British die-hards of Shanghai and therefore not unfriendly to Japan, has made a motor tour of some Japanese villages. When he asked a native nurse why all the people looked so underfed, she replied:—

They are starving, have been starving for quite a long time, and they have now grown so apathetic that they do not care what happens. All their ambition is

gone, and, worst of all, there is no money with which they can be assisted to regain, at least, their self-respect.

There are 200,000 school children in Japan who get no food in their homes and about 3,000 public schools owe their teachers more than five million yen for back pay. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Japanese masses are suffering every bit as much as our own.

INDICATIONS THAT JAPAN has embarked on an aggressive policy in Asia are just as clear as the signs of distress at home. The personnel of the Manchukuo Government is a case in point—out of its twenty-seven chief administrators eighteen are Japanese and nine Chinese. But the extreme nationalists who now control Japan are not satisfied. A certain Kaku Mori, leader of the militant section of the conservative Seiyukai Party, made a speech before the Japanese Diet demanding a 'Back to Asia' policy and recognition of Manchukuo:—

Recognition by Japan alone would be, I know, contrary to our long-established diplomatic policy of 'follow after,' and, in my opinion, would be revolutionary. But it would mean a declaration of the independence of Japanese foreign policy and a direct challenge to the pacifists and idealists, who are blindly advocating the maintenance of the *status quo*, or the perpetuation of existing conditions of international injustice. Herein would lie the deep significance of our single-handed recognition.

'Back to Asia' has long been the motto of our party. It means that we should part company with the materialistic civilization of the Occident, which we have followed blindly for sixty years, and, returning to our old spiritual life, preserve traditional Asian culture and ideals.

The conditions prevailing in Europe clearly indicate that she has entered on a period of decadence. The plight of Japan may, in a sense, be traced to unconditional surrender to Western influences. Should we not, at this juncture, return to our ancient ways and solve our problems in accordance with the spirit of the East? Recognition of Manchuria is the first step in this direction. We should take it with stout hearts.

The chief difference between this speaker and Hitler is that this one is in power and Hitler is not.

DR. A. LEGENDRE, a prolific French commentator on Far Eastern affairs whose hatred of Russia and Germany is nicely balanced by his love for his own country and Japan, now fears that the United States may join the enemies of Schneider-Creusot and civilization. One of his most blood-curdling editorials in *Le Figaro* argues that Moscow, having failed to convert Europe to Communism, is now working on Asia and the whole Pacific basin. China is the key to the situation and Germany is 'all expectation and readiness,' having reached 'a secret agreement with Russia.' Japan, 'the only counterweight in Asia to Russo-German

activities,' is being 'surreptitiously attacked by certain nations and finds no grace with the League.' But worst of all, Senator Borah has urged America to cultivate the friendship of Russia in order to extend its markets. Dr. Legendre therefore urges 'international solidarity' to meet 'the collusion of two imperialisms—that of Berlin and that of Moscow.' There is, he assures us, no other pathway to peace.

SHANGHAI'S FOREIGN COLONY has been throwing a series of fits over the activities of Harold R. Isaacs, twenty-six-year-old editor of the *China Forum*. Mr. Isaacs, a Columbia graduate and an American citizen, came to China about a year ago and, after serving as reporter for several foreign publications, founded a weekly of his own in which he regularly lambastes the Nationalist Government controlled by the Kuomintang in Nanking. As an American citizen, he has enjoyed the privileges of extraterritoriality, and the Nanking régime, unable to suppress his paper on its own account, appealed to Edwin S. Cunningham, American consul general in Shanghai, to do it for them. The matter was referred to Washington and Mr. Cunningham personally warned Mr. Isaacs either to change his editorial policy or lose his extraterritorial protection. Meanwhile Mr. H. G. W. Woodhead, die-hard British columnist on the American-owned *Shanghai Evening Post* and editor of the China Year Book, had been demanding the deportation of Isaacs.

But the *China Forum* and its friends have met the assault by pointing out that George Bronson Rea, American editor of the *Far Eastern Review*, has not only opposed the Hoover-Stimson Open-Door policy but has gone into the service of the new state of Manchukuo. For many years he has enjoyed the privileges of extraterritoriality while attacking the Kuomintang just as vigorously as Mr. Isaacs, though from another point of view. But, unlike Mr. Isaacs, Mr. Rea has remained on intimate terms with the American consul general and is frequently a guest at his dinner parties. Mr. Isaacs therefore retorted to Mr. Cunningham's warning by demanding Mr. Rea's expulsion from China for having 'actively forwarded, aided, and abetted the predatory advance of Japanese imperialism through the columns of his *Far Eastern Review* to an extent even prejudicial to rival American imperialist interests.' Meanwhile, the *China Forum* merely 'prints in plain language the simplest and most obvious facts about modern-day China.' Unfortunately Mr. Isaacs's interpretation of these facts coincides so closely with that of the Communist Party—to which he denies belonging—that he cannot hope to enjoy quite the same kind of consideration as Mr. Rea.

For the first time in about two years one of the few journals anywhere that has never seen prosperity right around that corner announces that there are good reasons for hope, if not cheer.

Reasons *for* OPTIMISM

By A LONDON EDITOR

From the *Week-end Review*
London Independent Weekly of the Right

THE questionable attempt to stage a boom on Wall Street proves the continuing vigor of those elements of greedy speculation that dominated and helped to wreck the world economy three or four years ago. The strong turn toward optimism that opinion has lately taken may well prove more dangerous than the panic psychology of 1931, unless it is disciplined by a clear perception of the general line of world reconstruction. Are there, in fact, any reasons for this emerging optimism? And, if there are, on what conditions can it develop without further disillusionment?

In order to answer these questions we have to go back to 1918-19. At that time four considerable tasks confronted the world. The armed conflict of national policies had to be stopped. The immediate tangible legacies of that armed conflict had to be liqui-

dated as quickly and fairly as possible. Then the underlying conflicts of nationalist and imperialist interests that had broken out in this terrible form had to be eliminated. And, finally, some new form of world order had to be built up to replace the old, whose collapse had been partly the cause and partly the result of 1914-18.

Looking back on the post-war settlement in the sober atmosphere of 1932, it is clear how far the contrivances of statesmen fell short of completing these four tasks. Attrition rather than statesmanship brought the actual armed conflict to an end. But, far from liquidating its legacies, political leaders arranged, on paper, for the 'tragic bookkeeping' to be extended in fabulous installments until long after everyone responsible for the War would be dead. While shaky currencies and half-starved popula-

tions were gradually nursed back to health, the conditions upon which they might remain healthy were denied them. Above all, the nationalist and imperialist conflict was not eliminated; it was continued, even in an intensified form, by other means.

Swollen armaments and lofty tariffs made the most conspicuous examples of this war in disguise, but movements of capital, development of special markets, insistence on specific clauses of treaties, and a generally aggressive and selfish trading attitude all contributed to thwart attempts at the fundamental work of building up a new world order. Fearing that such an order would be unfavorable to them, certain vested interests, especially in the heavy industries and in speculative finance, successfully stood out for a continuance of the international chaos, distinguishable from war only by the fact that policy was not pursued with large-scale open bloodshed.

It is now evident that this just tolerable chaos can only be temporary; a choice has ultimately to be made between acceptance or denial of the needs of world industrial civilization. We cannot, whether we want to or not, indefinitely claim the standard of life that comes from organized scientific coöperation while at the same time retaining the primitive irresponsibility that small isolated tribes or nations on a subsistence basis may find a permissible luxury.

REVIEWING the recent past from this standpoint, it is clear that some reasons for optimism do exist. The slump has shown to millions of business people an astounding and unsuspected connection between ethics and bread-and-butter. Many of the worst

abuses of economic nationalism and predatory private enterprise have no prospect of survival because the new conditions demand broad and long views, by which it is plain that these methods do not pay. Losses to an industry as a whole through trade-restrictions, losses to banks through public shyness after a speculative boom has broken far exceed the adventitious gains that may come while the fool's paradise lasts. The slump has permanently weakened an exploiting outlook in production and distribution. Particularly the heavy industrial and financial interests, which had profited by armament races and instability and were in an immensely strong position, have lost their economic dominance, and still more their psychological grip.

The weakening of war neuroses in most countries, the damaging rival examples of successful public concerns, and of the Soviet Union, the enormous publicity given to the defects of the existing system through a world depression recorded by the film, broadcasting, and a modern press, have contributed to a widespread change of attitude that is probably the most important, although the least tangible, of achievements during the slump years. The old-fashioned pattern of the captain of industry, so much admired in pre-war days, looks increasingly shabby and unattractive; opinion is changing toward a new pattern, and as the balance tips from local and national to world-wide interests, in both politics and economics, this change must be accelerated.

Mr. Stimson's speech on the Kellogg Pact is a better reason for optimism than anything that Wall Street has provided. Coming in the heat of an

American election, from a cautious Secretary of State faced with the probability of a critical verdict very soon from the League Commission on Manchuria, the significance of this statement is difficult to overrate. It means that the dream of American 'neutrality' that has caused so much friction and misery to the world is renounced by the most isolationist American political party, and that the obstacles to American participation in the collective peace system are no longer fundamental but simply technical.

LINKED with the Hoover Disarmament Plan and the Borah speeches on tariffs, war debts, and reparations, it suggests, for all its discretion, that the adaptation of the League of Nations as an effective instrument of world order may very soon emerge as a practical possibility. The Sino-Japanese outbreak, and the failure of the Disarmament Conference to sidestep the demand for assured international justice and security, make it probable that the League, like other parts of the post-war settlement, may need to

be completely overhauled as a condition of recovery. With two great Powers outside it, and three others—Italy, Germany, and Japan—threatening to leave Geneva for reasons that are not creditable to the League as an instrument of peace, it is evident that a bold reassertion of the original purpose is called for.

Even the most nationalist interests have been compelled by the depression to seek international coöperation. Ottawa, projected as a grand isolationist manœuvre, has become, for the United Kingdom at least, an attempt toward a regional pact for freer trade. But everything hangs on the power of the world to create and work an instrument for maintaining world order and justice at reasonable cost. It is because there are signs that resistance to such an instrument is rapidly dwindling, and not because of the New York stock market, or of Mr. Bennett's lead to the Empire, or of the belated and partial solution of a reparations problem belonging to 1919, that it seems legitimate to find some reasons for optimism.

Here are some high points from a British booklet exposing the international armaments racket and identifying leading racketeers as eminent statesmen and journalists of several countries.

The *Secret* International

A BRITISH EXPOSÉ

From *The Secret International*

Booklet issued by the Union of Democratic Control, London

IN 1921 a League of Nations Commission that had been appointed to inquire into the problem of the private manufacture of arms came to the following conclusions:—

(1) That armament firms have been active in fomenting war scares and in persuading their own countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments.

(2) That armament firms have attempted to bribe government officials both at home and abroad.

(3) That armament firms have disseminated false reports concerning the military and naval programmes of various countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure.

(4) That armament firms have sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries.

(5) That armament firms have or-

ganized international armament rings through which the armaments race has been accentuated by playing off one country against another.

(6) That armament firms have organized international armament trusts that have increased the price of armaments to governments.

These are definite charges and it is a pity that the evidence on which they were based has not been published. No effort has been made to rebut them and not all the evidence of their truth is hidden. Every now and again some scandal occurs that leads to a public inquiry. Occasionally a persistent member of the House of Commons or the Chamber of Deputies or of Congress refuses to be put off by an official reply and some real information is obtained. Much, too, may be learned from Blue Books, company reports, trade returns, and the records at

Somerset House. In this pamphlet some of this available and publishable evidence is gathered together.

In reviewing the facts it is well to remember that the armament industry differs in several essentials from other industries. In most types of business, wares are advertised in the hope of persuading customers to buy from one firm rather than from another. Within some limited market it may suit the firm to amalgamate, but in no other industry are the inducements to international combination so great and the results of competition from the manufacturers' point of view so poor. The articles supplied satisfy no real human need; no wealth is produced by the sale of arms. On the contrary, all money spent on arms is economically pure waste; arms are bought only at the expense of other commodities, and every purchaser who restricts his demand simultaneously persuades other purchasers to do the same. In the same way, if one country decides to increase its armaments, its rivals feel compelled to increase theirs. The main fact for an armament manufacturer to bear in mind, therefore, is that increased sales in the foreign market, whether supplied by his own firm or another, increase almost automatically the demand in the home market.

Accordingly, we find that, though armament firms often have national names and special connections, they always tend to organize themselves into international rings and to link themselves up with other closely related industries, which specialize, for instance, in chemical or explosive production. Once these rings are formed, their only interest is to increase the total world demand for

armaments, and, since governments are the purchasers, the potential demand is almost unlimited. The actual size of this demand depends on the degree of fear and uncertainty in which the nations can be induced to live. Whereas the interests of ordinary men lie in peace and security, the interests of those who live by the sale of arms lie in fear, insecurity, and, ultimately, in war. Therefore, the business method of increasing the sale of arms is to promote, by whatever means come to hand, open or underground, the fear of war in the world. Every armament manufacturer has a direct interest in jettisoning the League of Nations and breaking up disarmament conferences.

Those who have worked for the cause of disarmament during the last twelve years, those who study the attitude of the newspapers and even sometimes of government servants at critical moments during disarmament conferences, agree that they meet in many indirect ways an opposition that is secret and powerful, an opposition that is not internal but external, which does not spring from popular apathy toward disarmament but which is organized by those who have a financial interest in the upkeep of arms. This organization and propaganda against disarmament is itself international. Those who promote it are not patriots or nationalists; they are business men whose interests are to encourage inflated patriotism and national animosities. They aim not at the triumph of any particular nation but at selling as many munitions as possible. The armament manufacturer is above patriotism. In the South African War the Boers shot British soldiers with British rifles; in the

World War Australian and British troops in the Dardanelles were mown down by British guns. During the last few months many of the guns with which the Chinese have been defending themselves against the Japanese have been supplied by Japanese manufacturers.

Those who make arms live by the fears and hatred that lead to war. When war does come, they grow fat. The follies and divisions of mankind are their daily bread; the catastrophes that impoverish the world are their banquets. They prosper most when we mourn over a generation dead.

WE MAY begin at home with the firm of Vickers-Armstrongs. The story of this firm has not been told. The firm of Vickers, Ltd., goes back to the business of George Naylor, founded in 1790. In 1829 it became Naylor, Hutchinson, Vickers & Co., and later, in 1867, it was incorporated as Vickers, Sons & Co., with a capital of £150,000. Four years later the capital had increased to £500,000.

In 1892 by the creation of new shares and the acquisition of interests in other companies, notably William Beardmore, Vickers, Ltd., developed into a vast concern with ordnance works at Glasgow, factories at Sheffield and Erith, and naval works at Walney Island.

An important step afterward was taken in 1897, when the directors, realizing the importance of ironclads for wars of the future, bought up the Naval Construction & Armaments Co., of Barrow, for the sum of £425,000. An even more significant step was the purchase of Maxim-Nordenfeldt Guns & Ammunition Co. for £1,353,334 in cash and shares. The

combine then became known as Vickers, Sons & Maxim and it had a capital of £3,750,000.

It is at this point that Mr. Basil Zaharoff, born in Greece in 1849, must be brought into the picture, for the history of Vickers is inseparably connected with that of the financial genius of this man who began his career as a salesman of armaments, traveling for the firm of Nordenfeldt.

In 1888, mainly through the influence of Zaharoff, the Nordenfeldt Guns & Ammunition Co., Ltd., and the Maxim Gun Co. were amalgamated into one concern. Hiram Maxim was the inventor whose machine gun revolutionized modern warfare. Nordenfeldt subsequently left the company, and, as we have seen, in 1897 it was purchased by Vickers. Henceforth, Zaharoff became the dominating figure in the firm that was destined to become the leading armaments firm in this country. Immediately after the Boer War it acquired the Wolseley Tool & Motor Co. for £160,000 and the Electric & Ordnance Accessories Co. for £110,000.

During the Russo-Japanese War, England, the ally of Japan, supplied armaments to both sides, and Zaharoff effected an alliance with the St. Petersburg Ironworks and the Franco-Russian Company. Through these firms he obtained orders for guns and heavy material for cruisers, while through the Russian Shipbuilding Co. he received an order for two first-class battleships in the Black Sea. At the same time Beardmore, the Glasgow firm that belonged to Vickers, co-operated with Schneider-Creusot and Augustin Normand in the building of a dockyard and cannon factories in Revel. The international character of

the firm was thus well established, and Zaharoff held shares not only in Vickers-Maxim but also in Schneider-Creusot and in ten other British arms factories, including Armstrong, Whitworth.

But by this date it is misleading to consider Vickers as a firm by itself; it had become part of the vast international armament trust, the Harvey United Steel Co. This trust was formed in 1901 and remained in being until 1913; Mr. Albert Vickers, the managing director of Vickers-Maxim, was its chairman, and already in 1902 it included on its directorate representatives of four British firms: Charles Cammell & Co., Ltd., John Brown & Co., Ltd., Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., and Vickers, Sons & Maxim, Ltd.; the two great German firms of Krupp's and the Dillengen Steel Co.; the American firm, the Carnegie Steel Co.; the French firms of Schneider, the Chatillon Steel Co., and the St. Chamont Steel Co.; and the Italian Terni Steel Works. Though in subsequent years there were changes in personnel and new combinations, the Harvey Steel trust remained up to the year before the War a comprehensive ring comprising the chief armament firms of Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and the United States. Closely associated were other rings—the Nobel Dynamite Trust and the Chilworth Gunpowder Co., which controlled the explosive and chemical side of armament manufacture.

WHEN the War broke out in 1914 the firm of Vickers, Ltd., was almost the equal of the firm of Armstrong, with whom it shared an interest in the Whitehead Torpedo factory. Together

they were the leaders of the English armament industry. Vickers was even larger than Krupp's if judged by the size of its share capital, while it had many more connections at home and abroad. It had relations with the German factory, Loewe & Co., a member of that family being on the Vickers board of directors. It had factories in Spain, Italy, Russia, Japan, and Canada and was the most international armament firm in the world.

The power and influence of the armament rings, and of Vickers in particular, during the period of international unrest that preceded the War did not altogether escape notice. Viscount Snowden, who as Philip Snowden had a keen eye for such matters, made a striking statement in a speech on the Naval Estimates in 1914. He complained of the political activities of armament rings and called special attention to the part played by Vickers. The following years proved that Philip Snowden accurately described the anticipation of Messrs. Vickers.

In a review of the period preceding the War in 1914, the shares of Vickers, Ltd., could be recorded as a barometer with which to test the political storms then threatening in Europe. The fact that during the years from 1909 to 1914 the needle progressively rose till the column almost overflowed showed that at each successive international crisis there was an increasing number of persons willing to speculate heavily upon the probability of war.

The files at Somerset House show that there was a feverish anxiety to deal in armament shares in the summer of 1914, and, with the coming of war, we find a number of well-informed persons, certain prominent

bankers, and Sir Basil Zaharoff himself, increasing their holdings. Among the shareholders at that time were various important people closely associated with the government. The trustee for the debenture holders of Vickers was Lord Sandhurst, formerly Under Secretary of State for War, and at that time Lord Chamberlain. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Right Honorable Lewis Harcourt, M.P., was an important shareholder. A. J. Balfour was trustee for Beardmore, while Colonel Parks, the great conscription enthusiast, was a director.

THE CLOSE relationship between Vickers and government departments in this country and government officials in a number of foreign countries was no *sécret* before the War. Vickers had already established the practice, so usefully developed later, of placing in prominent positions on its board and on its high-grade staff experts who had retained military and naval titles in His Majesty's forces. The war itself, of course, made the relationship between governments and armament firms more intimate still, and Sir Basil Zaharoff was himself a close friend and adviser of Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions and, later, Prime Minister. Just how great his international influence was no one can be sure. Much that is improbable as well as much that is certainly true has been written of this 'mystery man of Europe.' It is at any rate certain that he was largely responsible for bringing Greece into the war on the Allied side. The Allied propaganda in Greece that brought M. Venizelos into power was carried on largely at the personal expense of Sir Basil, who acted as the

agent of France in buying a number of influential Greek newspapers. For these services he was decorated with the French Legion of Honor. It is also certain that by the end of the War he was one of the wealthiest men in Europe and that he had immense financial interests not only in armaments but also in oil, international banking, and shipping, and that he was a close friend of Clemenceau and Briand and had a large interest in several Parisian, as well as Greek, newspapers.

In 1917, when there was a possibility of peace negotiations through United States intervention, Zaharoff was consulted. Lord Bertie, the British ambassador in Paris at that time, reported in his diary on June 25, 1917, that 'Zaharoff is all for continuing the war *jusqu'au bout*.'

Since the War, the situation has changed in some respects and the tendency has been in the direction of rationalization and of grouping together all the various armament interests in this country round Vickers, Ltd. Of course, Vickers is by no means exclusively devoted to the manufacture of armaments. But here we are not concerned with the manufacture of sewing machines and speed boats, but with the fact that Vickers to-day dominates the armament manufacture in this country. Step by step the interests of Vickers, Ltd., have been combined with the interests of other companies that deal in products necessary for armament manufacture.

Before the War the firms of Vickers and Armstrong had been the two leading firms in this country. After the boom period of the War had subsided, first Vickers, and then Armstrong, which had become heavily

overcapitalized, found it necessary to carry through far-reaching schemes of reorganization.

Then, in 1927, the armament, ship-building, and steel interests of Vickers, Ltd., and those of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, Ltd., were amalgamated, and thus Vickers-Armstrongs became the leading armament firm in this country and the most international armament firm in the world.

At the extraordinary general meeting when this amalgamation took place, the chairman, the Honorable Sir Herbert Lawrence, G.C.B., said that 'Vickers and Armstrongs depend very largely on armament orders to occupy their works on a profit-earning basis, but since the War such orders have been insufficient to keep the plant of the two companies fully occupied, or to yield a satisfactory return to the shareholders.' He argued that it was, therefore, 'of national importance as well as in the interests of the shareholders that the capacity of the works to undertake armament work of the largest character should be maintained,' and explained how the amalgamation would enable 'the armament work available' to be concentrated in the most economical way.

At the sixty-fifth annual general meeting of Vickers, Ltd., held on April 4, 1932, Sir Herbert Lawrence, the chairman, described the present position:—

Considerable progress has been made with the development of our land armaments, in certain branches of which until recent years we were almost unknown. To get into this market has involved the retention of special staffs and considerable expenditure on research and experimental work, but as a result orders are being obtained for anti-aircraft artillery, predictors, and tanks, including the amphibious

tank that Vickers-Armstrongs was the first to introduce. Had the demand for armaments been normal, there is no doubt that the expansion of the company's business in this direction would have proved very remunerative, and even now the volume of work obtained has proved distinctly helpful.

Although every endeavor is made to develop our main products . . . Vickers-Armstrongs depends very largely on armament orders for its existence, while the capacity of its works for armament production is an important factor in the defense of the country. If, therefore, orders are not forthcoming in sufficient quantity to retain the thousands of skilled men employed, the position in case of a national emergency's arising that demanded an immediate increase in the output of munitions would be a serious one

Sir Herbert Lawrence then pointed out how Vickers, Ltd., is 'severely prejudiced by the exclusion of armaments from the British Export Credit Scheme' and lamented the diversion of armament work to Italy and France. He also referred to the satisfactory financial position of Vickers (Aviation), Ltd.

APART from selling to the British Government, Vickers-Armstrongs, Ltd., must look for markets abroad. In this it is greatly helped by its international connections and its factories, which are strategically placed in various countries.

In Italy there is the Società Vickers-Terni; in Canada, the Vickers Two Combustion Engine Corporation; in Japan, Vickers-Armstrongs has a subsidiary company, Kabushiki Kwaisha Nihon Seiko-Sho (Japan Steel Works), which is part of the Mitsui concern, the dominating armament industry in that country. Thus, in the preparation for the 'war' in China, Japanese firms have been working under contract with Vickers, and the Japanese army

has fought with the most modern armaments on land and in the air, and has transported equipment in up-to-date warships and aircraft carriers.

Vickers has its factories in Rumania. We may presume some connection with the fact that Sir Herbert Lawrence, the chairman, is a director of the Bank of Rumania. There are Vickers factories in Ireland (Vickers (Ireland), Ltd.); in Spain (Sociedad Española de Construcción Naval and Placencia de las Armas Company, Ltd.); and in New Zealand (Vickers (New Zealand), Ltd.). In Holland Vickers is associated with Fokker's aviation firm, which also has connections in America, while the Nederlandsche Engelse Technische Handels-mij in the Hague is the bureau of Vickers, and the grenade factory of Van Heyst is one of its factories. In Poland Vickers has holdings in the Société Polonaise de Matériel de Guerre, in which the French firm of Schneider is also interested.

It would seem that Vickers and the French firm of Schneider are closely linked up. In the agreement that was signed at the time of the Vickers-Armstrong amalgamation in 1927 the firm of Vickers-Schneider was included among the list of firms that were purchased by Vickers-Armstrongs from Vickers. Among other firms that were involved are: S. A. Le Nickel, S. A. Acières et Domines de Resita, Société des Établissements Miniers de Starachowice, Uzinele Metalurgice din Copsa-Mica si Cugir, Experiencias Industriales S. A.

Apart from these direct connections, however, there are the important ramifications brought about by the directorships held by the directors of Vickers, Ltd. Sir Herbert A. Law-

rence, of both Vickers, Ltd., and Vickers-Armstrongs, Ltd., is also manager of Glyn, Mills & Co., and a director of the Bank of Rumania, Ltd., the Sun Insurance Office, Ltd., and the Sun Life Assurance Society. He is also chairman of the London Committee of the Ottoman Bank. Major General G. P. Dawnay, another director, is also chairman of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., Ltd., and is a director of Financial Newspaper Proprietors, Ltd., and the Economist, Ltd. (His brother, Col. A. G. C. Dawnay, C.B.E., D.S.O., is a member of the Land Commission of the Disarmament Conference.) Sir Otto Niemeyer, also a director of Vickers, Ltd., has been with the Bank of England since 1927, and is also a director of the Anglo-International Bank.

THE NEXT war, according to such authorities as Major Lefebure, is likely to be predominantly a war in the air, carried out by bombing aeroplanes dropping incendiary explosives and gas bombs supported by swifter fighting planes. Supplies for munitions, poison gas, and explosives are all practically in the hands of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., the biggest chemical concern in the world, which, with an issued capital of over £70,000,000, controls the whole chemical industry in this country, both civil and military.

The president is Lord Reading, the chairman is Sir H. McGowan, K.B.E., and other directors are Lord Ashfield, Lord Colwyn, Lord Melchett, Lord Weir, and Sir Max Muspratt. The I. C. I. was formed to acquire by exchange of shares Nobel Industries, Ltd. (since voluntarily liquidated), Brunner, Mond & Co., Ltd., United

Alkali Co., Ltd., and the British Dyestuffs Corporation. Through its subsidiary companies the I. C. I. has close connections with His Majesty's Government, to which it is a contractor.

Take the example of Synthetic Ammonia and Nitrates, Ltd. The war experience showed how useful large synthetic ammonia plant can be for the manufacture of explosives. After the War, the Allies sent a military commission to Germany to obtain information concerned with the process involved in the preparation of poison gas. Following this, the British Government sold their factory for synthetic ammonia in Billingham at a very low price to Brunner, Mond, Ltd., and gave them, if report speaks truly, the secret processes that had been learned from the Germans for the oxidation of ammonia to nitric acid. This company is now known as the I. C. I. (Fertilizer and Synthetic Products), Ltd. In peace time it converts ammonia into synthetic fertilizers. In war time, or as soon as a war is imminent, it converts ammonia into explosives. The issued capital is £5¾ millions, and both the principal and the interest of its 5 per cent guaranteed debenture stock, 1930-45, are guaranteed by His Majesty's Government.

It was the war experience, too, which showed the vital importance of dyestuffs. In the years before the War, Germany had acquired the virtual monopoly of dyestuffs manufacture as well as the biggest chemical industry in the world. In the War, poison gas came from the chemical factories, and in the dyestuff factories there was the plant for making organic chemicals used as lachrymators and vesicants. In 1919, the chief dyestuff factories in Great Britain were combined to form

the British Dyestuffs Corporation, Ltd., and the Government subscribed for 850,000 preferred and 850,001 preference shares 'to include one share with special voting powers issued to His Majesty's Government.'

In the Articles of Association No. 38 (i) provision is made 'that not more than 25 per cent of the shares and voting power shall be held by foreigners, and the company is to keep in touch with His Majesty's Government in all matters of technical information and research, in such manner as the President of the Board of Trade may direct.' Referring to the Dyestuffs Corporation, *The Chemical Age* (November 22, 1924) candidly stated: 'The fundamental argument for the establishment of a British dyestuffs industry was national safety—in other words the existence of chemical plant and processes which could easily in case of emergency be switched over from peace to war purposes.'

Thus we see that, in the same way that Vickers, Ltd., has become the big armament combine with interests at home and abroad, the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., has become the poison-gas combine with a virtual monopoly at home, and ramifications in all the leading countries of the world.

THE FIRM of Schneider-Creusot is the Vickers-Armstrongs of France, and through its control of the Skoda works exercises a dominating influence in Central Europe. It is the most influential firm in the Comité des Forges, the powerful industrial union in France that played a great part in the Ruhr occupation and admittedly had a considerable influence on the Poincaré Cabinet. Its influence was behind the

propaganda for the Saar Basin and the demand at the Peace Conference for the left bank of the Rhine. The president of the Comité des Forges is M. François de Wendel, who is also a Deputy in the French Chamber and a director of the Bank of France. He has a controlling interest in the best known nationalist French newspaper, the *Journal des Débats*, and recently he acquired a controlling number of shares in *Le Temps* with M. de Peyerimhoff, who is the president of the Comité des Houillères.

Schneider-Creusot, like the English Vickers-Armstrongs, has its close association with the big European banks. M. de Wendel is not the only link. M. Eugène Schneider, the chairman of Schneider's and another of the most important people in the French armament industry, is a director of the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, the bank that finances the Banque Générale de Crédit Hongrois. He is also the President of the Union Européenne Industrielle et Financière, which not only is interested in the Banque Générale de Crédit Hongrois, but is the bank through which Schneider's controls the Skoda Works. Thus we see that the French armament industry controls that of Czechoslovakia, and, ironically enough (as Paul Faure, former deputy for the Creusot Division, in which are the Schneider headquarters, mentioned in a speech in the French Chamber), Hungary is being armed secretly by French armament capital. (Paul Faure was defeated in the recent French election, mainly by the skillfully organized election propaganda of the Schneider firm and its intimidation of its employees.)

During the past few years, the

Schneider firm has delivered armaments to Mexico, Yugoslavia, Greece, Japan, Rumania, Turkey, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Russia, Argentina, Spain, and Italy. For most of these operations banks have been founded that have interests in the country concerned as well as in France. For instance, the Banque Hypothécaire d'Argentine has on its Board MM. de Neufville and Villars, who are also members of the board of directors of Schneider's, while M. de Neufville is also a director of the Ottoman Bank.

Just as Vickers-Armstrongs has its contacts with Japan, so the French armament firms have their connections. On the board of the Franco-Japanese Bank is to be found M. de Saint-Sauveur (who incidentally is a relation of M. Schneider), while the president of this bank was Charles Dumont, who was the French Minister of Marine and has been representing France at the Disarmament Conference.

Discussing the interrelatedness of French loans and armament orders in the French Chamber on February 11, 1932, Paul Faure pointed out that just as French loans before the War enabled Turkey to arm itself with French arms that were shortly afterward used against France, so to-day French loans granted to Bulgaria, Mexico, Greece, Japan, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland were being spent with French armament firms.

THE Skoda Works and enterprises are found in all parts of Czechoslovakia. In Pilsen cannons, munitions, tanks, and other material are manufactured; in Bolovec there is a testing ground; in Prague aeroplanes are

made; and the arsenal in Brno, which before the War was a small repair factory, has become an immense concern employing about 10,000 workmen. Since the War, Skoda has developed to enormous proportions in its manufacture of aëroplanes, and the aërodrome near Prague that specializes in military aëroplanes has a large output.

Poison gas is also produced in Skoda factories. Nitrogen works are at Marienberg and in Asce, while there are military chemical factories in Olomouc. Skoda has found markets for its armaments in Yugoslavia, Poland, Switzerland, Greece, Turkey, Persia, China, Mexico, Argentina, Spain, Bulgaria, and the U. S. S. R. The Skoda Company also has factories in Rumania and in Poland (aëroplane engines are made in Warsaw, and the company controls Polskie Zakłady Skoda, which was formed in 1926 to take over interests acquired in Poland).

It is important to remember that the Skoda Company is controlled by the French armament firm of Schneider-Creusot, through the Union Européenne Industrielle et Financière. Its registrar of debentures is the British and Allied Investments Corporation, while the trustee for the debentures is the Royal Exchange Assurance. Dividends for the past ten years tell their own story. They were: 1920, 5 per cent; 1921, 8½ per cent; 1922 and 1923, 10 per cent; 1924, 12½ per cent; 1925, 13¾ per cent; 1926, 15¾ per cent; 1927, 17½ per cent; 1928, 21⅞ per cent; 1929 and 1930, 28½ per cent.

THE MITSUI firm is the Vickers-Armstrongs of Japan, and it has corre-

sponding ramifications in that country. It has interests in the Nippon Petroleum Co., the Mining Co., the Medajima Aircraft Co., electricity works, and the Taisho Marine and Fire Insurance Companies. It is linked up with the Nippon Steel Works, which are controlled by Vickers—this being the point of contact between the British and Japanese armament firms.

A great deal has been written about the transformation of Krupp works at Essen into factories where agricultural and other peace-time machinery is manufactured, but less is known about the Bofors Munition Factory in Sweden, which seems to be the post-war translation of Krupp's. In 1927 Krupp's 'acquired important shares in Swedish Bofors Ordnance and Dry Dock Co., which operates with Krupp patents.'

Krupp's also has connections with armament factories in Holland, where a considerable amount of armaments has been manufactured for Germany, and with factories in Russia, where a large industry with important German connections has developed in recent years. Although the Treaty of Versailles expressly prohibited manufacture of and traffic in armaments by Germany, her armament development during the past few years has not been commented upon by members of the Council of the League of Nations, to which, since the withdrawal of the Inter-Allied Commission of Control, the right and duty of supervision have been transferred.

THE Bethlehem Steel Corporation, which belonged to the Harvey Steel Trust before the War and which

figured largely in the Shearer case, is the leading armament firm in U. S. A. It has developed into a holding and owning company in very much the same way as Vickers has developed in Great Britain. The size of the development is shown by the increase in its net property from \$31,000,000 in December 1905 to \$502,000,000 in 1930. Other leading firms are the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. and Brown, Boveri & Co., all of which were involved in the Shearer case. The E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. is an important chemical concern responsible for the production of poison gas. It is linked up with the I. C. I. in this country, which has investments in it and in the Allied Chemical Co.

As in other countries, there has been a very considerable development in military as well as in commercial aviation in the U. S. A. One of the foremost companies is the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, which includes a large number of firms of importance in the manufacture of aeroplanes and aero-engines. During 1930 the Curtiss-Wright Corporation had considerable government orders for bombers and training aeroplanes, for fighting and command planes. It specializes in experimental aircraft for the U. S. A. army and navy. It is interesting, in view of what we have already seen of the international ramifications of the armament industry, that Wright engines are manufactured in Poland by the Polskie Zaklady Skoda, which is controlled by the Skoda works in Czechoslovakia. In Japan, Wright engines are made by the firm of Mitsui.

Other firms in the industry of military aviation include the Fokker

Aircraft Corporation of America, in which the General Motors Corporation holds 41 per cent of the common stock, and the United Aircraft & Transport Corporation, which includes about fourteen of the American companies and has had large orders both from the American navy and from the navies of Cuba, Peru, Brazil, and China. Lastly, there is the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, which specializes in the design and construction of training aircraft and which since its incorporation has delivered 1,000 military training aeroplanes to the Army Air Corps and the Naval Air Service.

IT IS indisputable that private armament firms, no matter how reputable and incorrupt, depend for their prosperity on the perpetual exasperation of international fears and suspicions; they live upon that armament competition which saps the world's economy, they thrive upon war scares, and they must have occasional wars. It is indisputable, too, that the private armament firms, with their potent financial and political backing, can and do maintain such fears and suspicions between the nations, and do thus continually endanger the world's peace. It is indisputable that they afford to the war departments in the countries where they operate the means for the rapid expansion of armament production in time of crisis; and governments that can rely upon thus augmenting their war supplies are the more likely and the more ready to strike a sudden blow against their neighbors.

If governments wish us to believe in their sincerity when they preach peace and discuss disarmament, they

must begin by abandoning their unholy alliance with the vested interests in arms. As rulers who have renounced war, they must also renounce the supposed advantage of having a private organization capable of immediate expansion and use in the event of war. They must cease to pretend that a Disarmament Conference is a meeting of statesmen to adjust minor differences and openly proclaim themselves the enemies of the vested interests in armaments. These vested interests are powerful enemies, not stage dummies, and their defeat and subjugation are an essential part of any genuine scheme of disarmament.

If governments fail to abolish the private manufacture of arms, what is the alternative? Another war for 'King

and Country,' for 'Fatherland,' for 'Liberty' and all the other time-dishonored battle cries? Perhaps. But there is another possibility—the possibility of which M. Vandervelde spoke at the Disarmament Conference when he declared that the workers would not again take up arms—at least not against each other. He appealed significantly to the 'prudence' of statesmen. If that 'prudence' is lacking, if armament firms are allowed to continue to foment national fears and hatreds, to create scares of war between populations that have no quarrel with each other, may not the next appeal to the warlike passions of the nations prove, and justifiably prove, to be the signal, not for war, but for revolution?

Here are two editorials from the London *Economist*, one a statistical summary of world problems, the other a criticism of the Ottawa Conference.

The World and Ottawa

TWO EDITORIALS

From the *Economist*
London Financial Weekly

I. THE WORLD IN STATISTICS

STATISTICS are not every man's meat; but there are few who will not find an absorbing interest in some of the figures contained in the Statistical Year-Book of the League of Nations. The volume covers so wide a range of facts in various economic, social, and demographic fields that it is impossible even to mention them all; but it will suffice to illustrate the fascinations of a world study by examining Table 2, which surveys the area and population of the world.

The figures there given, which are estimated as nearly as possible as at the last day of 1930, show that at last the world's population has exceeded the 2,000 million mark. Some ten years ago, the first attempt by the League Secretariat showed a figure of about 1,500 millions. But it must not be assumed that the difference between these figures represents the rate

of growth in a decade, for in a number of cases the totals have been increased by closer estimation. Indeed, in a number of countries the censuses are still a matter of guesswork and the present totals, are, therefore, only approximately true; but they give in outline an interesting figure picture of the world in which we live. If the men of old thought it a sin to number the people, a world census at least tells us who and what we humans are and how many mouths there are to be filled.

These two thousand millions of humanity divide into approximately equal quarters, namely: the British Empire, with 496 millions; Europe—excluding Great Britain, but including all Russia—with 490 millions, of whom one-third, that is, 162 millions, are Russians; China and Japan, with 545 millions, including Korea and other Japanese dependencies; other countries, with 481 millions, of whom 124

millions are Americans, 120 millions live in Central and South America, 160 millions in Asiatic countries other than Russia, India, China, and Japan, and 70 millions in African countries outside the British Empire.

These four quarters of the human race differ enormously in material wealth, and the yearbook gives a great many statistics that could be used to illustrate this fact. But let us confine ourselves to Table 2. Taking these groups in order, the first outstanding feature is that India, with its 352 millions, accounts for nearly three-fourths of the population of the Empire; and, if the remainder of the countries predominantly inhabited by colored people are grouped together and the census figures analyzed a little more closely, the amazing fact emerges that only one-seventh (say, 72 millions) of the Empire population consists of white men, the bulk of whom (50 millions) live in the British Isles. This leaves 22 million white men to 424 million colored folk in the rest of the Empire, or one in twenty.

attend to the spiritual or physical wants of 424 millions—a proportion of a half of one per cent.

EXCLUDING Russia—of whose 161 millions 34 millions live in Asiatic Russia—the remaining 329 millions who inhabit Continental Europe are, roughly, divided as follows: Latin races of Western Europe, 112 millions; Germany and Austria, 71 millions; nations of Central and South-eastern Europe, 70 millions; Poland, Finland, and the Baltic States, 41 millions; Scandinavia, Holland, and Belgium, 28½ millions. Of the Sino-Japanese group, 453 millions are in China and its dependencies, and 92 millions in Japan, Korea, etc. Finally, the last 'quarter' includes the most miscellaneous collection of peoples and races from the Dives among the nations in the United States to the Lazaruses in Africa and the Caribbean Sea.

But now let us turn to another and novel analysis suggested by the classification in Table 2:—

POPULATION IN MILLIONS

	Independent Countries	British Dominions	Dependencies, Protectorates, and Colonies	Mandated Territories
Europe	501.6	3.0	0.3	0.8*
Asia	605.6	352.4	137.8	7.5
Africa	22.7	8.1	99.0	12.6
America	236.1	10.6	4.8	...
Oceania	...	8.0	1.2	0.6
The World	1,366.0	382.1	243.1	21.5

* Saar territory administered by the League of Nations.

But twenty millions of these are in Australasia and Canada—the white men's dominions—leaving two millions to govern, trade with, educate, or

Nobody can say that a nation not classed as a dependency or a mandated territory is politically 'free'; but it is interesting to see to what extent the

people of the world are 'dependent' and in what continents. For the purposes of the present classification we return to geographical boundaries—that is to say Great Britain reverts to Europe and Siberia to Asia. The Dominions—including India—are here shown in a separate column.

Thus, while the mandate system devised after the War of tutelage of backward peoples by more advanced nations as 'a trust for civilization' is a

moreover, reduces the population of the British Dominions to a paltry 30 millions and even this includes some eight millions or so of colored folk.

FINALLY, let us look at the way the 132 million square kilometres of the world's land area are divided among these peoples. Taking the figures first in continental groups, we find that the density of population in the five continents varies as follows:—

	Area in million kilometres	Population in millions	Inhabitants per square kilometre
Europe.....	11.4	505.7	44.3
Asia.....	41.9	1,103.3	26.3
Africa.....	30.0	142.4	4.7
America.....	40.7	251.5	6.2
Oceania.....	8.5	9.9	1.2
The World.....	132.5	2,012.8	15.2

mere frill affecting one per cent of the world's population, some 12 per cent of the world's population are in a condition of 'dependency.' Of these, Britain, France, and Holland are responsible for about 60 millions each, Japan for 27½ millions, the United States for 14½ millions, Belgium 10 millions, Portugal 8½ millions, Italy 2½ millions, and Spain—which once claimed to divide the dominion of the world with Portugal—one million. The picture, however, looks very different if India is included in the 'dependent' group. The vastness of this political problem is evident from the fact that the population involved is nearly half as large again as that of all the other 'dependent' peoples added together and raises the proportion of 'dependency' to nearly one-third of the world's population. The transfer,

Except in the case of Oceania, however (Australia has less than one person per square kilometre), the continental figures conceal big variations. Even in the case of America, density of population varies from one per square kilometre in Canada, two in Bolivia, and between four and five in the Argentine and Brazil to over eight in Mexico and 16½ in the United States. Similar differences exist in Africa, where density varies from less than one and a half in French Equatorial Africa and two in Angola and the Sudan to nearly 15 in Egypt and 23 in Nigeria. But it is in Europe and Asia that the high densities are to be found. In Asia the figures vary from a little more than two in Asiatic Russia to 41 in China, 74 in India, and 169 in Japan; while in Europe the figures run from nine in Finland and Norway

to 22 in European Russia, 76 in France, 133 in Italy, 137 in Germany, 185 in Great Britain, 233 in Holland, and 270 in Belgium. Outside of Russia, the average density in Europe works out at about 70 per square kilometre. This is an area two-thirds as great as that of the United States but carrying three times the population.

Finally, reverting to the British Empire, the quarter of the world's population comprised within it occupies rather less than a quarter of the earth's surface. But if India and Great Britain are excluded, its 90 million people occupy between them one-fifth of the world's land surface, while the 20 millions in the Dominions possess some 19 million square kilometres—or one-seventh of the territory of the globe. Here is indeed a grave responsibility to use for the general good so large a proportion of the natural resources of the earth.

How long the balance here shown will continue no one can foretell; but one simple fact concealed in a footnote serves to remind us that the problem of organizing the world's future is one not of statistics but of dynamics; and that is that the population of Russia, which also occupies one-seventh of the world's surface, has increased by 14 millions in four years—that is, at a rate equal to the whole white population of the British Dominions every six years. There is still ample room in the immense territories of Asiatic Russia, but the British Dominions still remain the great empty spaces of the world.

II. THE HARVEST OF OTTAWA

IT MAY, or may not, be unfair to accuse the statesmen lately assembled

at Ottawa of the intention deliberately to mystify the public as to the fruits of their negotiations. Whether hasty drafting be pleaded in defense, or whether the British delegation, conscious of their initial optimistic declarations, felt uncomfortably aware, as they surveyed the concrete results of Imperial affection, that 'there's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd,' the fact remains that the Ottawa agreements yield a significantly 'dusty answer' to those who seek for certainties in the shape of solid economic advantage. There is so much in the way of ambiguous phraseology, so much detail to be filled in where glaring gaps obtrude, that it is still impossible finally to appraise the harvest reaped at this lime-lit conference. Yet this may be said: the draft agreements, incomplete as they are, reveal sufficient indications of the trend of the concerted policy to warrant the conclusion that, from the standpoint of particular British interests and that of the world advantage alike, much more has been lost than has been gained.

Let us endeavor, without partiality or fiscal prejudice, to see what can be set down on the credit side of the Ottawa ledger. It is to the good, admittedly, that the educative experience of this Conference has exploded finally the futile delusions of the Empire-free-trade campaign; that, notwithstanding heated weeks of haggling and logrolling, an accord of sorts has been patched up whereon the conception of Imperial economic unity may still, however precariously, repose; and that, above all, Great Britain has not been forced completely to abandon her ability to maintain at least the position of being, potentially, a low-tariff

country. For these mercies we are duly grateful; but, when all is said, there is little enough comfort to be derived from such negative blessings. Positively—and this is the real test—the Conference, as we see it, has failed utterly to realize its only worthwhile objective—the expansion, as opposed to the mere diversion, of trade.

On the barren question, which side—Britain or the Dominions—has 'won,' we do not propose to dwell unduly. Until we know precisely what Dominion duties are to be altered in our favor, it is difficult to assess the value of even the limited 'concessions' that we have apparently been promised. Given perpetuance of restrictive tariffs, it is something that our industrialists should have the right to a hearing before Dominion tariff boards. Indeed, if the tariff boards act impartially and their recommendations are adopted by Dominion parliaments, we may find that a check is to some extent imposed on the upward march of tariffs against British goods. At the same time, the agreed principle of compensatory tariffs (with 'infant-industry' reservations) is in itself a denial of the only sound conception of specialized international exchanges of goods; and we have still to be convinced that the proclaimed 'opening' of the Dominion markets to British manufactures will have more than a trivial effect on employment in this country.

Yet, as a price for these doubtful gains, we have assumed a fiscal burden, and surrendered our own negotiating power, for a lengthy period and to a far from negligible extent. We are pledged, over the wide range of our existing tariff, to maintain for five years a 10 per cent preference in the

Dominions' favor, with the single reservation that in the case of dairy produce our domestic agriculturists, after three years, may be granted fiscal shelter even against Empire producers. Our diminishing free list is further curtailed by the imposition of duties on foreign wheat, copper, linseed, and one special type of maize. On a number of commodities our existing duties are to be raised in order to give greater Imperial preference. In the case of meat and (subject to the Pig Commission's findings) bacon, we are committed to the pernicious folly of import quotas, combined with approval of producers' cartelization at the exporting end.

THUS, irresistibly generous or naïvely 'had for a mug,' the British Government has gone some way to turn this country fatally into a high-price, high-cost island, in return for promises whose implementation is questionable and whose value, at best, is far from substantial. It has had, on any showing, the worst of the bargain. But this is not the gravamen of the real count against Ottawa. Weighty though the objections may be against the perpetuation and extension, to which we are committed, of our present sweeping tariff, the British Government can still plead successfully that, with certain exceptions, it is free to negotiate reciprocal arrangements with foreign countries on the basis, at any rate, of mutual 10-per-cent duties, thus establishing a minimum standard of fiscal decency. Equally, it can argue that, save for the almost prohibitive proposed copper duty and the tariff on linseed, its new excursions into preferences may not seriously affect British costs.

For example, the wheat duty, unless Canada establishes a cast-iron selling pool (and the preference is conditional on sales at the 'world price'), will probably hurt the British consumer as little as it benefits the Canadian producer; and the proportion of 'flat-white' maize in our total maize imports is inconsiderable. In these instances and, it may prove—when the 'programme' is published—in the case of meat also, the practical results may turn out to be less harmful (and equally less profitable to any vested Dominion interest) than the essentially vicious principle set up. Where the real failure of Ottawa lies is in the total absence of any vindication of the truth that economic progress is to be sought in the general lowering of tariff barriers. Nowhere in the agreements—and our judgment is confirmed by Mr. Bennett's loudly protectionist exultation—do we detect any evidence that the Dominions have modified in essentials their adherence to the policy of high protective tariffs. Where 'general' tariffs are to be altered, they are actually to be raised.

THIS said, there is little to be added. When silence falls on the nauseating symphony of Imperial wind instruments braying 'triumphal success,' the Ottawa agreements stand as the limited achievement in *£. s. d.* bargains realizable by Great Britain in negotiation with an Empire resolutely determined to protect its own manufacturing industries. They involve, on the one hand, the likelihood of some

damage both to our own interests as a food- and raw-material-importing country and to those of our important foreign customers, whose goods, to some extent, are to be excluded from this market. On the other hand, though the relatively restricted scope of the agreements may comfort those who feared that Ottawa might seek to create an Empire ringed universally by an impenetrable tariff wall against the outer world, the mere fact that Great Britain has refused, for the most part, to impose, for preferential purposes, inordinate duties, is scant solace to those who hoped that the Conference might justify Mr. Baldwin's promise that it would give a lead to 'freer trade' throughout a tariff-ridden world.

Stripped of their equivocal verbiage,—the British right to sales at 'world prices,' the Dominions' right to 'reasonable' protection, the agreement to prohibit imports frustrating 'by state action' the proposed preferences,—all of which is likely to involve acrimonious controversy hereafter, the Ottawa agreements in substance are narrow and sterile. As a prelude to the World Economic Conference (at Ottawa the bond of sentiment was surely a factor not to be paralleled at Geneva) they are a bitter disappointment. For, if the verdict may be summarized in a sentence, the only visible result of Ottawa is that the Empire has, in part, been humbugged and, in part, so far as concerns Britain's power to pursue policies of fiscal sanity, hamstrung.

A sympathetic French journalist describes the results of ten years of Fascism on Italy's younger generation. The first finished products of the Mussolini system bear striking resemblances to young Russians and Germans.

Italy's Rising Generation

By X X X

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle*
Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

VISITORS in Rome on November 4, 1930, witnessed a spectacle that gave them food for thought. The twelfth anniversary of Vittorio Veneto was being celebrated throughout the country and 260,000 young people were enrolled in the national Fascist Party and took their oath of loyalty to the cause of the Revolution and the Fatherland. In Rome, at Capitol Square, surrounded by the most august historic monuments, their supreme leader harangued them as follows:—

'Remember that Fascism promises you no honors, no posts, no pensions, only duty and struggle.' And a great wave of aspiration rose toward the dictator from this adolescent crowd. Banners bearing words of hope and faith suddenly emerged from the black sea of young chests.

The generation that has received the imprint of Fascist education is coming of age. We know what this education means. From the age of eight to eighteen the child is enrolled in one of the companies that compose the national body known as the 'Balilla,' which takes its name from a young war hero. About two million young people of both sexes belong; that is, about half the youth of the country. These juvenile masses are divided into seven or eight hundred legions. More than forty thousand militia officers and about two thousand Catholic chaplains inculcate the official point of view, which includes everything from instructions in the true faith to expositions of how to handle a rifle.

This educational process is completed by three years of compulsory

military training for all young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. A new organization along strictly military lines was also created about a year ago and it enlisted about three hundred thousand young people on a voluntary basis with the slogan, 'Believe, obey, fight.'

At elementary school as well as at secondary school and the university, the young Italian is confronted with a vigorous body of doctrine that gives his intellectual development a definite direction. In 1931 a volume entitled *The Book of the State* appeared. It is a collection of texts whose spirit meets the new political and national necessities of the country, and in his inaugural message before the Twenty-Third Legislature the King himself described it as 'the indispensable instrument for the renovation of culture and national education.'

In the university the future citizen of the new Rome is turned over to professors who take a vow of orthodoxy. Since last September university professors have been compelled to swear 'to form industrious citizens devoted to the country and to the Fascist régime.' The nationalist tendencies of Giovanni Gentile have triumphed over the universal, neutral attitude of Benedetto Croce. According to the newspapers, 1,225 professors are now functioning, of whom only eleven refused to take the oath on the ground that it was more definite than the one that they had been taking for several years in common with all other Italian officials.

Thus Italy has organized child education in accordance with the dreams of the Jacobins. Recent years have been filled with bitter struggles against the Church. On this vital ground the

Fascist Government remained obdurate and the dictator finally held the field.

What is the intellectual and sentimental baggage that young people who have been formed in this way carry with them when they come of age? In the famous concluding passages outlining his great work on the origins of modern France, Taine showed how our system of education is orientated toward the formation of individuals and how we conceive of social life as a kind of competition won by the most brilliant. The picture he outlined nearly fifty years ago still remains substantially true. Our bourgeoisie on the whole has been faithful to a general culture, the aim of which is to produce originality subject to some practical compromises that necessity has gradually imposed. Events have moved about us. The face of the world has changed. Organized groups have replaced individuals, but we persist in worshipping the cult of the hero and believing that history is made by individuals.

If the young Frenchman remains so strongly marked with individualism, the young Italian of to-day has been fashioned by group life, and the younger he is the more he has been influenced by it. Solidly established in a formal hierarchy, he receives his intellectual and moral vade-mecum not from the independent study of intellectual achievements and historic facts, but from the state, which thinks and judges for him. Thanks to the influence of an authoritative education, the contours of his personality tend to vanish and merge with the wider frontiers of the group, the corporation, and the nation. Thus the individual consciousness is being gradually trans-

formed into a collective consciousness, and the arrival of a mass civilization is being hastened. In this sense Mussolini's revolution resembles Lenin's, but always with the important distinctions of sensibility for which Latin politeness and the deep old soil of classicism and the Renaissance are responsible.

WEANED away from the cult of the individual, Italian youth has lost all affection for the liberalism that captivated the soul of previous generations. The kind of liberty that inflamed the founders of modern Italy, the Garibaldis and the Mazzinis, no longer seems a sovereign good either in economics, politics, or the personal sphere. It is hard not to feel a little melancholy when one sees young men of twenty who have only contempt for everything that a century of effort and bloodshed accomplished—individual liberty, free institutions, and the neutrality of the state toward private interests. Our ancestors fought to shatter the tyranny of the nobility. They fought for the right to possess property and do business freely, and here are their children reviving corporations, collective labor contracts, the oppression of professional groups, the omnipotence of the prince. Progress is moving backward, down the corridor of time, and the natural rights of the eighteenth century, individual liberty, and popular rule have been relegated to a museum for historical relics.

We may regret that this has happened, but such are the facts. Article One of the Labor Charter of 1927 defined the Fascist state as a moral, political, and economic unity, an organism that has certain aims and

purposes and a life of its own and methods of action superior to those of the divided or grouped individuals who make up the state. It is Hegel's beautiful totality all over again, the divine being who incorporates both justice and might.

Hegel also regarded the state as an immanent end in itself, the incarnation of absolute morality, the supreme work of art, divine in its essence, a collective organization. It was on this theology of the state that Bismarck's empire was built. Though unsympathetic to the individualistic rationalism of the West, it naturally takes on a new lease of life during periods of distress and crisis. The young people of Italy were attracted to it by the difficulty of providing daily bread for a constantly expanding population, by the excesses of a decadent parliament, and by the political disappointments they underwent in the post-war period. They saw that competition had again come into existence between nations. They recognized the growing complexity of economic relationships and the impotence to which class warfare leads. All these things commanded them to discover new sources of authority, new forces of federation between men, some court of last appeal to direct and arbitrate the activities of organized groups. This was a necessity laid down by history and it alone seemed able to create the order that our human society demands in order to develop fully.

If I seem to insist on this point it is because the anti-liberal conception of the state is the original, health-giving message that the young generation of Italy thinks it is delivering to the world. How can the anarchy of production be halted? How can compet-

ing interests be reconciled? How can the effects of the terrible social hatred that devours us be mitigated, while at the same time individual initiative plays its usual rôle and private property is held sacred? To the average young Italian of twenty-five, the Fascist state, with its corporative organization and its Charter of Labor, seems to be the only historic answer to these questions. Need we then be astonished that the orientation of all young people toward Hegel's cult of the divine state has aroused the hostility of the authorized representatives of Catholicism, who are accustomed to demanding that the state as a lay institution should be neutral in matters of education? This exaltation of Cæsar, this attribution of divinity to a human institution, was officially condemned by the Church as pagan and sacrilegious in 1926, when these doctrines were expressed by the Action Française.

The dispute between the Church and Fascism is concentrated on the question of the oath that young people must take when they enlist in the party. This oath of absolute obedience reserves no rights to God and His Church and was therefore forbidden by the latter. To a nation most of whose inhabitants were extremely religious it presented a grave struggle of conscience. It ended in a compromise, no doubt as the result of the advantages that the Holy See gained in the agreements of February 1929. Moreover, it seems that up to now the personal approbation that the Pope himself feels for the patriotic labors of the head of the Italian Government has been the determining influence in the relations between the Vatican and the Catholic State, but it is to be

feared that disagreement will again become open, for no one can see how the Roman Church can accept in Italy what it condemns elsewhere and adjust itself definitely to conceptions fundamentally opposed to its views of human and divine rights.

Radiating health and hopeful of the future, the young Italian looks upon Europe as an old, played-out prostitute covered with red paint. If he condescends to maintain official respect because of the profound wealth she still possesses, because of her relations, her pearls, and her servants, he more often turns away with a disgust that he cannot help expressing. Speaking for the new generation, Mussolini exclaimed at the opening of the ninth year of the Fascist era: 'In 1950 Europe will have wrinkles, will be decrepit. The only country for young people will be Italy. People will cross frontiers in order to witness the phenomenon of this springtime of a nation.' By Europe he of course meant Western Europe, especially England and France, whose liberal individualism propagated by the soldiers of Cromwell and the revolutionary battalions gave the modern world its shape. The same disdain for the West appears whenever any international subject is under discussion, whether it is the organization of peace by the League of Nations, reparations, war debts, or the crisis of capitalism.

THE young Italian generation does not believe in the League of Nations. It regards the League as the supreme expression of puritan hypocrisy. The pact of 1919 is nothing but preacher's fustian, and its real aim is to assure the winners of the War that they will possess their loot securely for all time.

It does not establish peace but simply consecrates the hegemony of England and France. Of course, Italy must be present at Geneva, where she has signed still more pacts, since the world is crazy enough to want to add more stories to this Babel of impotence and confusion. But Italy's real interest lies elsewhere. The vocabulary of pious rationalism that is the Esperanto of Genevan committees inspires nothing but contempt and hostility. 'I wanted to tear the mask from this hypocrite, Europe,' said Mussolini, 'who babbles peace at Geneva and prepares for war everywhere.'

Nothing could be farther from the spirit of Geneva than the atmosphere in which the new Italian generation lives. The Italian stadiums in which young people are receiving a military education are now bringing forth a hardy and superb group of young people who talk like Nietzsche. The sister of the German philosopher has already saluted Mussolini as the only European who incarnates the spirit of Zarathustra and the superman. I do not know whether this rather literary investiture emanating from the tranquillity of Weimar, where Nietzsche's pious sister still lives, may compromise the dictator, but in any case the relationship is certain, at least in so far as expression and psychology are concerned.

Post-war Italian literature provides useful indications of this psychology. In France and Germany we have had an immense output of war books, chiefly emphasizing pity and horror. They have not contained one word about the healthy, tonic effect of the great adventure. One cannot help being struck by the great difference when one reads Italian war books,

those of D'Annunzio, for instance, whose name has been forgotten by the younger generation but whose style has clearly influenced the whole Fascist movement. In France, where the events of 1914 seem to have left a profound moral illness, a book like *The Nocturne* would not find a responsive echo among most readers. Yet in Italy the War seems to have laid another mark on people's souls.

In France, the Horizon-Blue Chamber of 1919 showed that the generation that made the War could not govern effectively. In Italy the spirit of the front dominates. Fascism is the creation of the veterans. Men who were wounded in the trenches are educating the young people. Hence it is not surprising that a dangerous and inappropriate atmosphere of tension prevails.

We must not forget that the situation in the two countries is quite different. France merely defended herself in a War that was imposed upon her, whereas Italy had to take a direction and make a choice. As a result of this choice, the Italian spirit was exalted. 'Our war,' people said on the other side of the Alps, expressing the passion of a nation that feels it must realize its destiny and take a better place in the world, one more appropriate to its genius. The West European democracies during the War preserved the heritage of a great past and a configuration that had already been fixed by the centuries. Italy, on the other hand, having achieved unity only fifty years ago, made its first really national gesture, which corresponded to the campaigns that gave rise to the German Empire of Bismarck and of William the First. Hence the bitterness that the War has left in

the Italian soul, a bitterness that we find hard to understand when we consider the territorial acquisitions of this young nation and the new importance that it has attained in the League. The generation that is now twenty-five years old did not fight on the Isonzo or the Carso but grew up in an atmosphere of disillusionment. It arrived at maturity conscious of injustices to be repaired and duties to be performed. Intoxicated with imperial lyricism, drawn to the great memories of Rome, it regards the nations that have already arrived and come to full maturity as obstacles. It naturally sees its comrades and brothers among the young men who surround Hitler or Kemal Pasha or Stalin, wherever the witches of the future are preparing new brews for mankind. A single wave of messianism is carrying away all these young people, and it resembles what Nietzsche called the philosophy of the hammer.

As we have seen, this impetuous wave is about to break against all democratic-liberal Europe. Isn't it really characteristic that there is now being published at Rome, and largely contributed to by German and Russian authors, a review entitled *Anti-Europe* that takes a tone singularly hostile to the West, especially toward countries that have parliaments and toward the 'agnostic' state.

IF WE look closely, we see that France is the chief target, for many political and financial interests are still protecting England. But France, with its spirit of Voltaire and the petty bourgeoisie, must be destroyed. In a brilliant speech in the École de la Paix, André Siegfried recently raised the question of the moral isolation of

our country and the possibly anachronistic culture that it now stands for in the world. In modern Italy especially the idea is insistently expressed that the spirit of France is the chief obstacle to the economic, intellectual, and social changes that circumstance demands. The young men radiating health and strength whom one meets on the streets of Florence and Rome regard France as the refuge of a civilization and an economy that history has condemned. They believe that France is fighting a vain battle defending an outworn ideal that may have been good enough a century ago. Diseased, declining, withered by a low birth-rate, she is an obstacle to the pacification of Europe by reason of her policy of alliances, her opposition to revising the 1919 treaties, and her attitude toward German reparations. Young Italy ranges herself on the side of the discontented and believes that the liberal nations that have been exalted by the peace treaties must be humbled in the name of justice.

France is also supposed to be blocking Italian expansion through her Serbian policy, through her colonial empire, and through the mandate she has received in the eastern Mediterranean. In the division of mandates Italy did not receive what she was entitled to. Reviving the colonizing spirit of Rome, haunted by memories of the *imperium Romanum* and the *mare nostrum*, young Italy, with her growing population, dreams of sending her surplus inhabitants abroad at a time when all territory available for settlement has been given to nations that have arrived.

The economic crisis is adding to her irritation. Here, too, young Italy denounces the misdeeds of France, whose

stubbornness over reparations is supposed to be delaying the revival of normal economic relations between countries. 'It is time to close the tragic bookkeeping of the War,' the dictator declares. Will France, perched on her mountain peak of gold, pronounce the liberating word? The Italian press gave much more space to the Oustric bank scandals in France than to the lawsuit of the German wool syndicate or to the revelations of the Finance Committee of the American Senate. Again French decadence and decay, together with the license of French liberal economics, are to blame. Of course, Italy has her faults, too, but they are the result of the inevitable liquidation of the past, and the Government denounces and suppresses them, as was proved during the Gualino affair and by many other rigorous measures.

TO sum up, it would be vain to disguise the widening gulf between the two countries. The generation that received its political and cultural ideas from France still exists in Italy, but it counts for less and less and is not active. Not one of the men around the dictator has a French background. Mussolini alone underwent our influence. Most members of the rising generation do not know our language, and all of them are hostile to our point of view. They are looking to the youth of Germany and Russia. It is in those directions that they are trying to make contacts. It is with their help that they want to forge a new world. France is

run by a generation of old men who are disappearing.

I have tried to understand without passing judgment and without dwelling on Italy's objections to our habits and preferences. Since I must now come to a conclusion I am tempted to reach one pragmatically, subordinating the true to the useful. It seems futile to ask whether a new centre of doctrine is being developed capable of influencing the world. These are big words, and the real question is the more modest one of living and adapting one's self to the realities of history. We may believe in individual conscience or group conscience. We may proclaim the decline of the West and the dawn of new civilizations, but these are mere words that can only lead to hasty generalizations. The fact remains that in the present distress nations are trying to organize themselves to meet existing circumstances and to settle the problem of authority. That is the problem of problems for human society. Perhaps the time has come when the individual should consent to sacrifice part of the liberty for which he has paid dearly and which he only recently won. M. Caillaux, who, I hope, will excuse me for calling him a man of yesterday, since we now are talking about people under thirty, did not hesitate to recognize in a speech made in London that we should have to exert authority to get out of our difficulties. In that respect he agrees with the rising generation beyond the Alps that places its faith in discipline and obedience.

Writing from the friendly soil of France, a Japanese visitor to Europe groups Hitler, Mussolini, and MacDonald together as men of the hour by virtue of their common proletarian origin and their common reactionary inclinations.

Japan Looks *at* Europe

By KINZO

Translated from *Le Matin*
Paris Boulevard Daily

PEOPLE are astonished at Hitler's success and cannot agree about its causes, which are actually diverse. Perhaps an Oriental may be permitted in the light of his own observations to state that one social characteristic underlies everything.

Arriving in Germany last November, I heard Hitler speak for the first time in an indoor tennis arena before a meeting of Berlin students. 'Brüning wants peace abroad,' he said, 'in order to make political warfare inside the country more possible. I, on the other hand, want peace at home in order to be strong abroad. For that reason I fight against Marxism. And as for you intellectuals, your learning does not prepare you to play the parts of political leaders. In order to be a real leader one must have the soul of a worker.'

At the very outset this speech revealed the secret of the Hitler movement's success, and, as I came to think it over more carefully, it explained everything. The movement originated in France. Its ideal is social solidarity and it was the glory of Léon Bourgeois to have created it. But this theory based on collaboration of all classes, though it made a great stir all over the world, had the defect of being too abstract.

Thanks to the genius of Mussolini, the national idea replaced the social idea and the national idea has the advantage of being more concrete. For every nation has a national history that is altogether its own, and, in order to force the different classes to harmonize and collaborate, the nation has at its disposition an authority known as the state, which

society does not always possess. Note that the Fascist conception of the nation has a very special significance unlike that of Napoleon Third or that of the Action Française. To the Fascist the nation means all classes of one and the same people and Fascist nationalism is the antithesis of Marxism, whose essential idea is the egotistical supremacy of one class.

Hitlerism is the child of Fascism, in that it is a reaction against the illness from which all Europe is now suffering and which is caused by Marxism. This illness derives from the egotism of the worker, who is devouring more and more the whole capital wealth of the country. Post-war Italy was the first victim. England followed under a Labor Cabinet that created the financial cataclysm of last year. Finally, Germany, which was ruled by republican ministers, fell prey to the foolish expenditures in which the Social Democrats indulged in order to flatter the egotism of the workers. The reason why Mussolini, MacDonald, and Hitler reacted in the direction of nationalism is that, in their opinion, the nation is not composed exclusively of the working class. The workers must collaborate with all classes and must sacrifice themselves, if necessary, in behalf of the interests of the whole community just as the others do. In short, the new nationalism is simply the idea of solidarity, in which France may take legitimate pride since she originated it.

BUT THERE is a new element in this national solidarity and that is its essentially working-class character. In Italy, England, and France neither the scholars nor the statesmen profess a belief in national solidarity, but the

workers do, especially the most eminent among them, Mussolini, MacDonald, and Hitler. The differences between these countries are purely superficial. When the egotism of the worker becomes revolutionary, a violent kind of Fascism must come into existence in order to control it. When the egotism of the worker is legal and parliamentary it requires thirteen years of political propaganda to bring it to reason, as happened in Germany; and when the egotism of the worker is not very profound, as was the case in England, only one election is necessary to cure it. When a nation is extremely nationalistic and united, it does not need Fascism, as is the case in France.

Thus the real cause of Hitler's success arises from the fact that he is a leader with psychological insight who has divined the needs of the masses. The German people is ruined not so much by war debts as by the mad prodigality of the Social Democrats. Marxism causes ruin everywhere by encouraging the workers to seek revenge, by raising wages, and by pouring funds into the unemployment doles that have ruined England and Germany. Workers condemn countries to death by sheer force of numbers when they are made into social parasites. Nobody has the courage to state this truth. Hitler himself does not proclaim it brutally but he is bringing it home to his country by the absolute maxim, 'General interests above special interests.'

Now the reason why the working masses, except the Marxists, listen to him and believe him is that he himself is a former laborer. One therefore concludes that the Napoleon of the twentieth century who will triumph in the social revolution will have to

be an eminent workingman who can understand the interests of a whole nation and of whole nations, rather than the interests of a single class.

AFTER a century of disaster Europe has entered a new phase of social policy. Close collaboration between capitalists and workers has been restored by Mussolini, MacDonald, and Hitler, who issued from the working class. Japan is undergoing the same process with a slight difference. There capitalism is still developing. Wealth is tremendously concentrated and the peasants are impoverished, not for economic reasons, as Karl Marx predicted, but for political reasons. The young officers are now rising up to defend the peasants against speculators and guilty members of parlia-

ment. It is the Japanese tradition for the Samurai to be strong and just, and this harmony of strength and justice dominates all Japanese history. The feudalism that existed for six hundred years was one manifestation of this harmony. The Russo-Japanese War was another. The recent military campaign in Manchuria is another, being a preliminary gesture of legitimate defense against the aggression of Soviet Russia.

Yes, legitimate defense, for we have dangerous neighbors, Koreans and Chinese who do not know how to defend themselves. Before it is too late we must fight against the fire that is sweeping our neighbors. Otherwise we shall be burned up with them. That is the Manchurian question in a nutshell.

Persons and Personages

EINSTEIN MEETS PICCARD

By HEINRICH YORK-STEINER

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

IT HAPPENED last autumn, in the house of a famous Viennese physicist on the edge of the city near the Wienerwäld. Albert Einstein was going to make a speech on his theory of relativity before the Physics Institute, and he was asked what he had to say. 'The address will not interest you. I have nothing new to say and I believe it will interest only experts.'

The conversation took another turn and out of the next room came the sound of music, for a fine string quartet was playing Beethoven. After the music stopped the gentlemen said that they would like to play a piece of Mozart's written for five violins but that they had not been able to find an extra violinist. Would Professor Einstein oblige? The creator of the relativity theory is known to be an excellent violinist and his friends had arranged this harmless trick to make him play. He tried to refuse, but when a well-tuned violin was put in his hand he could not resist and was soon playing well and enthusiastically.

In the middle of the second movement the son of the house went up to Albert Einstein and whispered something in his ear. It must have been important to have warranted such an interruption. What he had said was that Professor Piccard, who was going to make an address on his epochal flight in the stratosphere within a few days, had just come to Vienna and, having learned where Professor Einstein was spending the evening, wanted to call on him. A quarter of an hour later the tall, slender figure of Piccard was seated behind the fiddling Einstein.

Over the tea table Piccard told about his flight simply and straightforwardly, describing the preparations, the ascent, and the subsequent developments. We all sat enchanted. Not one of the outstanding scholars in the room interrupted with a single statement. Piccard talked so naturally, his sharp features were lit with such a gentle smile as he told about his immortal exploit that has enriched our knowledge so tremendously, that he merely seemed to be describing a little walk into the country. Professor Einstein was full of affectionate enthusiasm for Piccard and warned his friend against making another ascent.

'But the thing is so simple. One need only make the cabin very thick and nothing can happen, nothing whatever,' Piccard assured him.

'Yes, as long as the cabin holds,' Einstein replied, 'and everything else goes smoothly.'

'But one must look ahead. In the future nobody will fly low because in the upper atmosphere one can travel so much more rapidly without resistance. Up there one can fly from Europe to America in a few hours.'

Einstein listened with intense interest, then gave this friendly warning. 'But you have promised not to fly in the stratosphere any more. Think of your family.'

'I shall certainly not make the next flight myself,' Piccard replied.

PERSONAL discussion being ended, the conversation of the two students of scientific problems then turned to the nature of the spheres and stratospheres, to cosmic rays, to the creation and destruction of mighty worlds. One of the listeners asked what the heavens were made of, since somebody in America had published a new version of their consistency. Einstein said that everything that looks to us like empty space is really a cohesive mass that is in a constant state of motion. In it we can see only huge illuminated formations like stars, nebulae, and so on. When I asked what this mass was made of and whether it was substantial or mere fog Einstein replied, 'That we don't know, but we have a much more pressing question. We don't know yet what light is.'

On the way back to the city Professor Piccard invited me to join him in his automobile. During the whole ride he spoke with affectionate respect of Einstein, whom he described as follows: 'Einstein is the most remarkable man I have ever met. He takes a serious and profound interest in the work of other people, listens attentively for hours, asks questions, and talks with great interest, never speaking of his own work, never even referring to it. But, if the person talking to Einstein brings the relativity theory into the conversation, then Einstein speaks as realistically and objectively of his own theory as if he were talking about the work of some other man. Anyone who sees and hears him would never guess from his simple manner that he is a man of world renown. However, his appearance is compelling and reveals his genius. Have you noticed his neck and head? His figure expresses extraordinary individuality.' Professor Piccard stopped talking, reflected for a while in silence, and then added, 'Every time I meet Albert Einstein, I feel rich and happy, and I always wish I could be with him more. After my stratosphere flight I received innumerable letters and telegrams. But Einstein's letter with its affectionate human sensitiveness pleased me more than any. He wrote to me: "You must never go up yourself again. Think of your wife and children." There you have the real Einstein.'

And now Professor Piccard has performed a second heroic stratosphere flight that the whole world followed with passionate interest.

JAPAN'S WAR MINISTER EXPLAINS

By GÜNTHER STEIN

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

ARAKI, the Minister of War and one of the most important statesmen in modern Japan, was kind enough to receive me and to reply to the following questions.

'What right has Japan to act as she has in Manchuria, and what necessity? I should like to know the official Japanese opinion on this subject, for people in Germany are perhaps not well enough informed.'

'The Japanese Government has answered this question from incident to incident, and it is too bad that Germany does not understand the matter, but in order to understand it one must recollect recent history. For Japan's existence to be assured, for her defense to be maintained, and for peace to be preserved in Eastern Asia, peace must be maintained in Manchuria and Japan must enjoy complete freedom of economic opportunity there. All these primary assumptions are absolutely necessary. Japan takes them for granted.'

'We have discovered that Manchuria is a question of life and death for the Japanese people, as is proved by the fact that Japan has risked life and death in two great wars against China and Russia. The Russo-Japanese War also proves that Japan was determined to maintain peace throughout Eastern Asia, to guarantee the integrity of the Chinese frontiers, and at the same time to enjoy complete freedom of economic activity as an absolute essential for her existence. But recently the Chinese have wanted to retract the rights that they once granted to foreign countries. They are full of ideas about excluding foreigners and do not respect the special economic rights that Japan has attained in Manchuria as a consequence of two great wars with China and Russia. The Chinese want to undermine the influence of the Japanese people at its foundations and they threaten Japan's very existence.'

'As anti-Japanese propaganda spread more widely, relations between the two countries became extremely acute. It was at this moment that Chinese soldiers attacked the South Manchuria Railway. The Japanese army of occupation from Kwantung, which was charged with protecting the railway zone and the Japanese colonies under the terms of existing treaties, was obliged to take measures of self-defense in order to protect Japanese rights. Then, as the situation developed further, Japan resorted to measures of self-defense quite within her rights as a nation. In other words, Japan is determined to defend her political and economic privileges as granted in the treaties. She will always protect her own land and maintain order in neighboring territory. She is determined to continue

the enormous business that goes on between Japan and Manchuria and to protect the Japanese capital invested in Manchuria, which amounts to some two billion yen, and the life and property of the million Japanese, including Koreans, established in Manchuria.

'Meanwhile, all over Manchuria bandits have been launching attacks and indulging in illegal activities, so that the life and property of a million Japanese are threatened. The independent state of Manchuria has only recently come into existence and is not yet strong enough to protect itself. Japan is therefore exerting herself in her own behalf and doing only what is obviously necessary.'

'WHAT MEASURES will Japan resort to now and in the future?'

'Both now and in the future Japan will stamp out bandits in Manchuria. Wherever unrest exists, whether its causes are domestic or foreign, Japan will oppose it and support and maintain peaceful conditions.'

'Japan is supporting the establishment and development of the new Manchurian state. What does Japan expect from this economic, political, and military province?'

'In respect to the foreign policy of Manchuria, Japan hopes that the new state will join the community of nations. In so far as Manchuria's domestic affairs are concerned, Japan desires that the government set up over thirty million people be conducted on moral principles. Japan hopes in this way to establish permanent peace in Manchuria and throughout Eastern Asia.'

'I beg Your Excellency's opinion of the propaganda being issued by Soviet Russia concerning the danger of a Japanese attack on Russia as well as of the mobilization of Russian troops on the Soviet frontier.'

'Japan does not dream of violating the rights of Russia, of venturing beyond the Russian frontier, or of using White Russians in any anti-Soviet movement. The whole world knows that Russia has concentrated troops at her frontier, that some of the Communists have warlike tendencies or at least want to aggravate relations between the two countries. As long as Russia has no intention of attacking Manchuria, I believe that there is no danger that anything will happen that would lead to serious and unfortunate consequences between the two countries. Peace in Eastern Asia depends in no small degree on the coöperation of Russia and Japan. It would therefore be to Russia's interests to let her fundamental policy take account of the new fact that the state of Manchuria has come into existence, to withdraw some of the troops from the frontier, to refrain from propaganda or intrigue, and thus to build up friendly relations between the two countries.'

'Can I have Your Excellency's opinion on the domestic situation in China?'

'Is China a modern state? The Investigating Committee of the League of Nations ought to concentrate on this question. That was why Japan urged the League of Nations to dispatch a committee of investigation. In so far as China's domestic conditions are concerned, peace and order have been destroyed by the struggles of the military cliques that are ravaging all parts of China. The economic situation is acute. Communist bandits are winning victories and the outlook is serious. Since the Chinese adopt an anti-foreign policy for domestic purposes, their relations with other countries are growing more and more tense. We believe that the whole world should look at the situation as it is and not be led astray by Chinese propaganda.'

G. L. DICKINSON: A TRIBUTE

By E. M. FORSTER

From *The Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

TRIBUTES are empty things, yet when one has known a man for over thirty years and thought him great something has to be offered. Great? This is clearly the wrong word for Lowes Dickinson; it suggests inaccessibility and the power of making others feel small, whereas he had the power of bringing people out. While they were with him they were happy and amused. When they left him they found he had extended their sympathies and exercised their intelligence, so that the earth and the universe became larger places—this earth for which he has little hope, despite its beauty and fascination, that universe in whose light the earth will perhaps be reinterpreted. He has, indeed, the maieutic power, which Plato ascribes to Socrates, and he has been called Socratic; the epithet is kindly meant and is no doubt thought suitable for a don. But, whereas Socrates proceeded by snubbings and traps and with a pertinacity that would drive any modern youth to drink or the gramophone, Dickinson, as far as his method was concerned, belonged to a different tradition. Indeed, he had n't a method; he just lived his ordinary life; and because it was so precious it leavened the lumpishness of his hearers and made them his friends.

So, whether at Cambridge, where he was best known, or at the London School of Economics, where he lectured for over twenty years, or at Geneva, where he focused his hopes for our earthly salvation, or in America, India, and China, or in that unexplored country that has just been discovered by the microphone, or in that other country, non-existent he sometimes thought it, which psychical research has indicated—wherever he went he brought his liberating power, and a modesty

that never degenerated into humility, and a courage untouched by aggressiveness, and respect for the opinions of others. He also brought charm. Charm, in most men and nearly all women, is a decoration. It generally belongs to them, as a good complexion may, but it lies on the surface and can vanish. Charm in Dickinson was structural. It penetrated and upheld everything he said and must have remained through suffering and old age. It was nourished by his affection for us, and how deep that affection was one can see from his books. Does anyone suppose that he wanted to bother on and on about the War when that glorious affair was over? He had no love for international politics; he thought them loathsome; but unless they were diagnosed and purified he knew they would lead to another war in which millions more young people would be choked, maimed, and killed. All his work hangs together. If he had not had the impulse to write *The International Anarchy* he could not have written *The Magic Flute* or even *The Greek View of Life*. Both history and poetry, in his opinion, are the servants of the present; they exist to help us here and now and to steady us through the greatest crisis humanity has yet encountered.

THE MOMENT for a survey of his work and influence has not yet come, and these remarks are not offered as a critique. They are only a tribute, which may perhaps send a few readers back to his books. Those who have never read him should begin with the *Letters of John Chinaman*; then they should try *The Magic Flute*, which, though a fantasy, combines many aspects of his genius. Of his dialogues, *A Modern Symposium* contains the best characterization, but the last published dialogue, *After Two Thousand Years*, is in some ways the most remarkable of all his works; it takes place between Plato and a modern young man who explains to the Greek what developments the world has evolved since his day—if developments they can be termed: “Economically and politically and socially we are heading for disaster. Nevertheless, the end is not yet, the reinterpretation may come.”

“No! the world is full of gods, ascending the golden stairs, although your feeble vision cannot see them. Rising out of the deep abyss, the long ascent of life reaches up into the heaven of heavens, and of that chain you, on your little step, are but one small link. For the whole universe groans and travails together to accomplish a purpose more august than you can divine, and of that, your guesses at good and evil are but wavering symbols. Yet, dark though your night be and stumbling your step, your hand is upon the clue. Nourish then your imagination, strengthen your will, and purify your love. For what imagination anticipates shall be achieved, what will pursues shall be done, and what love seeks shall be revealed.”

Dickinson was an old man when he wrote these words. They were read aloud at his funeral. Who, among those who were present, will retain such splendor of diction and warmth of emotion at the age of seventy? Who will have gained such wisdom?

GERMANY'S FORGOTTEN MAN

Translated from the *Rote Fabne*, Berlin Communist Daily

THE INVALID, Willy Boltz, who was thirty per cent incapacitated by war, had his pension cut six marks on the first of July. Boltz lives four flights up over a dusty back yard. He is seldom seen on the street. His heart and nervous system are seriously affected and he suffers from consumption. Sometimes fever condemns him to bed for days on end. I knock at his door.

He lives in a kitchen that has no gas stove, a dark room with bare walls, sparse furniture, and a single window on whose sill a few rays of sunlight fall at noontime. Boltz sits on the kitchen table all alone, with an expression of helplessness. His cheeks are sunken, and the arteries and veins of his horny hands stand out prominently beneath the skin.

Over the table in the middle of the room hangs a fixture without any bulb in it. Two years ago this war cripple's electric light was cut off. He therefore spends his evenings in the dim light of a kerosene lamp. 'All this,' says Boltz, describing a semicircle with his hands, 'this misery and my illness, I owe to the war.' 'The war of 1914?' I inquire of this fifty-year-old man. He shakes his head. 'Longer ago than that,' he explains. 'Back in 1904, when I was a member of the Guards, I was sent to fight the Herero in Southwest Africa. There, in frightful heat and terrible sufferings, my health went to the dogs. Before that I used to work as a carpenter.'

Boltz shows me a little book. It is a kind of diary. In it he had described the fatigues, the bloody battles against the natives, the mad suffering from hunger and thirst. 'There in the wilderness, fighting the savages, I received a wound in the skull that seriously affected my heart and nerves.' 'And is that all the war brought you, a pension and an illness from which you are now dying?' 'Yes, that is all. The others, the officers, were not treated this way. They have become generals and now receive huge pensions, but as for us . . .' At this juncture he is seized with a fit of coughing and then adds, 'In 1909 I joined the Social Democratic Party in Leipzig.'

'And what did you do when you came back sick to Germany?'

'I received a pension and I worked as a carpenter, but I kept falling ill and had to stop working.'

'Were you taken back into the service in 1914?'

'Yes, only they could not use me, at any rate not on the front. I was put in a factory making fifteen and twenty-one centimetre grenades. Thus war again laid hold of my life. We could work only four hours a day, otherwise we should all have been overcome by the fumes and gases. The work was terrible. My lips turned blue and the whites of my eyes yellow.' Boltz speaks slowly and all the more impressively for that reason. His breath comes hard. He keeps having pains in his hips. He proudly relates how he was consumed with hatred for the war of the capitalists. As a protest against the pro-war Socialist leaders, Boltz left the Social Democratic Party in 1917 and in the revolution he fought on the side of the Spartacists.

'And all these years you have worked from time to time, whenever you were not sick?'

'The pension was not enough. If I had depended on it alone, I should have died from hunger.'

'But in working you must have suffered greatly.'

'Yes, I was cornered.'

'Until when did you continue to work?'

'Until August 1929, and then I had to give up. From 1924 on I kept applying for a vacation, but my request was always refused on the ground that the rest would do me no good. Every year I kept losing weight. In 1929 I weighed only 120 pounds.'

'WHAT ARE your symptoms?'

'At night I cannot sleep and in the morning I am knocked out with weakness and weariness. I cannot eat any more, and it's the same all through the year. I have cursed capitalistic war a thousand times over.' Deep bitterness is written on the face of the invalid as he continues his story. 'In the autumn of 1929 I went to the hospital. The doctors said that I was suffering from consumption as a result of undernourishment, which in turn was a result of my war service. Then I was weighed and I weighed 114 pounds.' Boltz thumps his bony fist on the table, 'And before I was sent to the war I was one of the strongest and healthiest people you ever saw.'

'Have n't they been able to cure you?' I ask.

'No, not at all. In the autumn of 1930 I had to go to the hospital again and then still another time, in July 1931. The municipal doctor by way of mockery certified that I was able to work.'

'How much did the Brüning Emergency Decree take away from you?'

'I was listed as an invalid. Brüning took away from me an extra pension of 21.45 marks a month and a 4.85 marks' allowance for my child, for I have an eleven-year-old son who cannot live with me because

of my illness. Brüning also took away my economic dole of 20 marks a month. He took everything away at a stroke, and I now receive only my military pension of 23.05 marks and my pension as an invalid. What I have gone through! There is no way of curing me. I lie sleepless, suffering from fever. My consumption is growing worse, and from October 1931 to April 1932 I was in the hospital again. I am half crazy with poverty.'

While I shake my head as I listen to him he laughs bitterly, 'Yes, the generals have been treated differently. Their pensions keep them well and happy.'

While Boltz was in the hospital, his pension was reduced still further. 'On the fifteenth of April, I was informed by Relief Station Number 1 in Berlin that 11.50 marks a month was being deducted from my military pension to cover my hospital expenses and three days later, on the eighteenth of April, I was informed that the same relief station had taken all my allowance as an invalid as well. I was so upset that I ran out of the hospital in spite of my illness. The sum of 11.50 marks a month is still being deducted from my military pension.'

'And then, on the first of July, your pension was again cut by Papen's Emergency Decree?'

'Naturally, by 6 marks. I now receive only 39.50 marks a month, plus 11.50 marks of military pension. If Severing's Emergency Decree again compels me to pay a tax on rent, then 27 marks of my pension will go into rent. I must also give 15 marks a month to my boy, and then I must pay for heat and other expenses. I have 27 pfennigs a day left to live on.' After a brief period of reflection Boltz adds, 'And since the Papen Decree I have weighed eighty-nine pounds.'

He rises from the table, looks in front of him with the most profound bitterness, pulls back the sleeve of his coat, and suddenly shouts, 'Are these the arms of a carpenter? I made the folding doors of the employee's entrance at Karstadt. Now if I tried to lift one wing of those doors, I should fall down and could never get up again. They gave me nothing to stay my hunger but a few pennies, no warm clothes, no fat, no food. The Central Relief Station does not look out for tuberculosis sufferers. I get only cough tablets and some kind of medicine for which I still have to pay 50 pfennigs. They even make me pay 25 pfennigs for a doctor's prescription. A wine made out of beech tar would be very good for me, but I cannot afford to buy it any more. I do not know how I shall be able to live.'

That is the way the victims of imperialist war are treated. 'I wanted,' says Boltz at the end of our conversation, 'a pass to use on the street cars, such as the severely crippled are given. Due to my weakness, I walk very slowly and with a stick. Do you know what they replied to me? "Man, you can still walk; you must first have a wooden leg."'

The pace in Germany has now become so furious that it can only be watched from a distance. Here are two essays that supply the intellectual and historic background for recent developments.

GERMAN Perspectives

TWO FIRST-HAND
INTERPRETATIONS

I. THE GERMAN INTELLECTUAL

By PROFESSOR M. J. BONN

Translated from *Das Tage-Buch*, German Radical Weekly

THE intellectuals in Germany form a part of that very much larger group generally known as educated people. But the intellectuals with an academic education have formed the core of the mass of educated people. Those with such education included all who took cultural courses at universities in order to widen the scope of their knowledge by free investigation. To them, more than to anyone else, the German universities owed their fame as unsurpassed centres of study. All others who attended universities did so to acquire professional training, but the two groups were never very different in respect to learning or intellectual conviction. The academic researcher and teacher was, in his

way, a state official. But, thanks to the traditional independence of the university, he regarded himself as a state official only to a limited extent, and, from the national point of view, stood in the front rank of those who were not officially bound to the state, the independent writers and artists.

Men with an academic education in Germany represented as a whole a kind of upper class that occupied a place of its own. German education was essentially non-political. It was interested only to a limited extent in the practical application of ideas and therefore attacked the world of ideas much more boldly than the intellectuals of any other country. The outer world represented an object for ob-

servation and study rather than an opportunity for reformist activity. In the world of ideas the German scholar was, in most respects, an anarchist.

The practical relationship of German intellectuals with real life arose from the fact that the higher government officials had to possess an academic training. For since Germany, not to mention many smaller countries, was being ruled more and more by scribes with academic training, the influence of intellectuals steadily increased. Although, on the one hand, the old Germany used to grant privileges to its soldiers, an academic education did command certain far-reaching advantages quite distinct from any other special rights. The nation willingly granted these rights and allowed those who exercised them to wield an influence out of all proportion to their practical experience. Bismarck, the one great German statesman of the second half of the nineteenth century, was an exception to this rule, although, in spite of his contempt for philosophically minded people, he had in his own youth been thoroughly grounded in philosophic problems. But his successors were all highly professorial, notably Bethmann-Hollweg and Count Hertling. And Prince Bülow believed that he could win the heart of the German people only by displaying his profound education and even more profound desire for education on every possible occasion, which he did with every appearance of success and without any inner conviction.

But, without knowing it, the German intellectuals, during the second half of the nineteenth century and especially after the accession of William II, suffered an interior break-

down. In the new, powerful Germany of increasing wealth, the intellectuals, especially those with considerable academic training, had to turn to practical activity whether they wanted to or not. They were criticized for having sacrificed the spirit of Weimar for the spirit of Potsdam. But the spirit of Potsdam, as it had been incorporated in Frederick the Great, knew perfectly well how to get on with the spirit of Weimar. What had inevitably brought about a change was that Germany had outgrown the petty-bourgeois confines of Potsdam and Weimar and had been forced to concern itself with world problems.

In the era of railways, coal, and telegraphy, most of the men whose education qualified them for national leadership could not permanently devote themselves to the ideals of the past. The transformation, apparently the work of a single man, Prince Bismarck, came to light so suddenly that the transition into the new era was not always accomplished in the most tasteful, admirable fashion. Worship of the absolute and of the state, which German philosophy had taught in the past, appeared in a new aspect when abstract ideas became a concrete person in the form of Prince Bismarck, the real creator of modern Fascism. - People still said that the Germans were a nation of poets and philosophers, although the most accomplished sons of that nation were winning success as engineers, industrial leaders, and general staff officers. Whereas England's older economic system had been content with learning from practical experience and rigidly believed that an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory, in Germany theory forced its way into

practice and transformed German economic life. Theory lost a great deal in the process. After success had been won in many fields of practical activity, especially by second-rate people, the desire to solve problems for the sake of solving them evaporated.

The War and the revolution destroyed the foundations of the German intellectuals from the ground up, but the revolution did not lead to those great, constructive social changes that are associated with the idea of socialization. Instead, the revolution led to the destruction of academic privilege. To be sure, the privilege of receiving an education was more vigorously upheld than ever, since most of the men in high positions possessed academic training. But too many people were allowed access to academic privileges. The slogan, 'right of way to the capable,' was coined and many second-rate people who thought they were capable began pouring into the academic professions and crowding the higher schools of learning as they had never done before.

ALL THIS would have been endurable if a real social revolution had not followed the defeat in the War and the political revolution that accompanied that defeat. That social revolution was the inflation. For the inflation led to the economic destruction of the German middle class. It removed the very foundations of the intellectual independence of the educated classes, at the same time improving the position of the so-called manual laborer. Social legislation, especially unemployment insurance, freed the so-called proletarian from his greatest fear—that of permanent insecurity. But the inflation removed the sense of

security from the middle classes to whom the intellectuals belonged. What are thousands of young people to hope for now when they have passed their final examinations after long study? The state is too poor to give all of them jobs, and the jobs that it can give now go—or at least so they believe—through political corruption to members of the political parties that represent the least educated elements. In the private professions the situation is much the same. Where do any opportunities exist for physicians or lawyers?

Thus the guardians of the tradition of better times have sunk to the position of day laborers, not knowing what the morrow may bring and lacking the robust psychological equipment that they need to carry them through their ordeal. They have no prospects and no beliefs. No other great nation in the world has such an intellectual problem as Germany because in Germany alone the inflation completely destroyed the economic basis on which the educated classes had been used to living. Germany itself is not guiltless in this respect, but, great as its mistakes may have been, they would never have been made without the pressure of reparation payments.

The German intellectual not only lacks security; he lacks something even more important—a way of escape. Even before the War the German intellectuals had been depressed by a dumb kind of discontent that was unjustifiable, since then they possessed security. But even then Germany lacked enough new territory to accommodate enterprising, adventurous emigrants belonging to the educated classes. To-day this outlet is com-

pletely closed and the reduction of the army and navy has acted in the same way. At home there is neither security nor opportunity for advancement. Abroad there is no place to go, no territory available.

The world looked on with some astonishment when the Russian Communist dictatorship had so little difficulty in winning the young people of all classes to its support. But Russia is a new country in two senses, in the sense that it contains virgin soil and in the sense that it is a technical-social experiment. The existing order therefore offers the ambitious young people of the country two possible fields of activity. In Germany all possibilities are lacking.

Among the non-Catholic German intellectuals religion played a small part even before the War and it has not become any more important since. People found the discipline they needed in the exterior orderliness that existed in society and in the state. But this adored state has collapsed, and if it is ever rebuilt it will no longer be a state ruled by one class. We tried for a long time to depend on our great economic forces, but now that we all know that the feet of our economic leaders are made of clay that period is over. But we have not yet survived the assault of those who think they possess qualifications for

leadership, though they have no chance whatever of finding us a place in the sun.

It is only natural that young people want an overturn so that some way of escape may be open. With the greatest enthusiasm youth is undergoing a change of front that is intellectually satisfying but suicidal, for it denies the spirit. Instinctively the educated youth of the country believe that the rise to power of the working class signalizes the triumph of barbarianism over education. They are trying to overcome barbarianism, not through education but by a fundamental denial of education. The same individuals who are most indignant because simple men without education have risen to positions of power and honor want to renounce that education which has yielded them nothing.

For that reason they go into mystical ecstasies because they think they are members of a chosen people who are to be freed from misery by God-given leadership. Collective effort is replacing individual personality. Universal desire is replacing personal will, and our minds have lost all sight of aims, ends, and means. Instead they have acquired a faith based on a heathen religion of race and common blood, a faith that radiates an utterly impractical desire for salvation, that shouts for action and expects miracles.

II. FROM BISMARCK TO HITLER

By BERTHOLD MOLDEN

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THE rise of the German people has been closely identified with liberal ideas. This is especially true of Ger-

many's intellectual advance, which began when the old unity of Church and State was shattered. Whereas

French classical literature developed in court circles and under aristocratic auspices, German literature of the same period took on a new lease of life and transcended the limitations of its time by virtue of two philosophers who, though poles apart, were both liberal: Spinoza and Kant. And political unity, which was of course based on intellectual foundations, was made possible only by liberalism.

Most young people with nationalist inclinations gave themselves over to the charms of romanticism and were also liberal and democratic. The advocates of a united German Reich, who came to the fore during the stormy events of 1848, were liberal.

Their opponents were the conservatives. Among the conservatives, Otto von Bismarck occupied a position incomparably superior to that of any other man, but this *Junker*, who was faithful to his King, and whose ruthlessness horrified conservatives and radicals alike, understood the liberal point of view, even though he ultimately opposed the Liberal Party. Being a man with an independent mind, he did not oppose liberal thought but bourgeois domination. When he set about his life work and played the democratic card of universal suffrage, he did so in the hope of strengthening the monarchy, but beginning in 1866 and for a long time afterward his allies were the National Liberals, who had abandoned the group of nationalist parties. Their liberalism was of a pale variety, to be sure, and they peacefully consented to special legislation directed against the growing forces of republicanism and the despised Social Democrats, whom the Chancellor believed he would suppress by brute force, although he himself

was the creator of a social policy. Toward the end of his career, he became more and more dictatorial, and it is even said that he finally wanted to break the Constitution. He did not, however, do so, though all his official labors were directed toward increasing his own dominance. Liberal legislation remained inviolate.

Obviously, an absolute ruler who was not afraid of any domestic enemy could afford to permit liberal legislation in every sphere. Frederick the Great, for instance, who might even have become a state socialist, pursued such a course. But a personal or party dictator cannot permit such liberties without endangering his position. Hitler's supporters, of course, have no liberal tendencies. Fourteen years of the Republic have made millions of Germans lose all desire for liberalism and democracy.

These have been hard years, quite different from those in which the present French Republic grew to maturity after the Battle of Sedan. Foreigners have been warned that Germany's pride has been so hurt and the country has been so overwhelmed with burdens that a popular uprising is inevitable. But people are not ready for such an uprising. There is no conscious intention of reverting to monarchy, which, in view of the unpopularity of the surviving Hohenzollern, might lead to the destruction of the Reich. Certain extremist slogans glorifying an individual or party dictatorship owe their tremendous popularity in part to a reflex flight from existing conditions, in part to the kind of hope that springs from despair, in part to a vague reaction against the present parties, and in part to a pure stampede. In any event, we

are witnessing a definite breaking away from liberal and democratic tradition. Millions of little people are renouncing democracy and proclaiming that they no longer care to have anything to say about the conduct of government. Furthermore, neither a Bismarck nor a Bonaparte profits from this renunciation, but merely a powerful orator and his brutal assistants.

NEVER before has Germany shown a fondness for dictators. Dictators were always Latin, and even Germany's monarchistic inclinations were chiefly the result of tradition. There was more reverence for an ancient dynasty than for the principle of monarchy as such. But is the situation now such that only a dictator can meet it? If so, then Brüning, with his succession of Emergency Decrees, should have been the man of the hour, Brüning, who dedicated himself to his work and who has also been responsible for everything that has happened, from the launching of the plan for an Austro-German customs union to the refusal to pay reparations. In fact, he did everything that the most ardent National Socialist could have desired, except annihilate the Social Democrats. There was nothing left to do except abandon liberalism and democracy and proclaim a new constitution suppressing both. For any constitutional change that is not fundamental would not be worth the trouble.

Let us admit that constitutional forms are open to criticism and that the democratic and parliamentary method of government is not in itself inviolable for all time. Under extraordinary circumstances democracy

may be temporarily abandoned, and, if the happy time should come when less politics are necessary, government business can certainly be conducted by experts. The real National Socialist wants both these things at once—a dictatorship, on the assumption that the house is on fire, and a permanent government, on the assumption that we are living in a condition of political peace. The National Socialist opposes democracy and liberalism as Western importations, and fights for his own national ideal. But it is a questionable kind of nationalism that sharpens all existing antagonisms to the point of civil war. Perhaps 'liberalism' is a foreign word, but the conception is not foreign.

What is the essence of liberalism? Respect for human values, for intellectual freedom, for free movement within certain limits that must depend on the circumstances of civic and economic life. It is this fundamental liberalism that is now at stake, for liberalism is simply a prerequisite for the development of certain forces. It is not an end in itself or an ultimate ideal. Anyone who has no higher capacities or inclinations is indifferent to liberalism and therefore the masses are not supposed to need it, although its results are beneficial to all. Really open-minded liberalism must allow the individual to form his own ultimate ideals. It must not offer him any ultimate ideal of its own, as religious groups offer their creeds. Nor must it be like the nationalist parties, which regard glory as an end in itself and which seek to attract votes from this point of view only. Political liberalism is the prerequisite of all modern cultural life.

After the War perhaps the liberal

and democratic parties in their efforts to reconcile nations tended to ignore the strength of nationalism. Virtually without the consent of their supporters at the polls, they either allowed nationalism to develop too freely or turned too much to the left, as if internationalism could not be reconciled with respect for one's own nation. Such mistakes are the order of the day in Germany, where people are intellectually and emotionally inclined to rush from one extreme to the other because they still lack reliable inner guidance, and it is with this in mind that we must judge what has happened to the German people since their defeat in the War.

In the first place, Germany has had to fall back on itself without being able to refer to any higher court of appeal that might have helped it to find its bearings in an emergency. In the second place, the country has undergone extraordinary transformations. The laborious researches of honorable Philistines led to military, political, and economic power.

Then the country was dislodged from its eminence and transformed from the chief Continental power to a condition of restlessness and wretchedness.

Its attitude toward liberalism and democracy is the inevitable result of these bewildering changes. Those conservatives who at first welcomed the growth of National Socialism are noticing too late in the day how much they, too, are threatened by it; and their only allies are in the democratic camp, from which they have alienated themselves. At the same time the anti-democratic demagoguery of National Socialism has not won the complete success that was expected of it. Any violent solution, including a return to monarchy, would very probably turn out badly for those who resorted to it. It is now clear that a fatal mistake was made when the foundations were destroyed on which Germany built itself up after the War and which had existed ever since the time when Bismarck established the Reich.

The author of *Beau Geste* tells the radio audience of England about his most exciting twenty-four hours as a member of the French Foreign Legion.

With the Foreign Legion

By MAJOR P. C. WREN

From *The Listener*

Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

I WENT to the Bureau de Recrutement in the Rue Saint Dominique for enlistment in the Legion, and, to be quite fair and honest, I fully admit that the recruiting officer there made no secret of the fact that he thought I was a silly young fool. I thought it was very decent of him. He did n't actually try to deter me from joining; but he mentioned casually that the Foreign Legion was rather the spiritual home of the laborer, the long-service professional soldier, and the man who had roughed it in earnest. He added that he would be very glad to enlist me, in view of my inches, enthusiasm, and previous military experience, but I must go away and sleep on it, think it over in the light of what he had said, and return next day if I were still of the same foolish mind. I returned. I was vetted *bon pour le service* by the Medical Corps doctor, and enlisted. I had contracted to serve France for

five years in any part of her colonial possessions for the sum of a halfpenny a day, without deductions or income tax. I was seeking a short holiday, experience, change, rest, and romance; and, though I was not fleeing from justice, I took a name that was n't my own, purely in the spirit of romance and make-believe. Most *légionnaires* do this. A few do it because they are fugitive criminals, but the vast majority do it for the same reason that small boys wear black masks or feather headdresses when playing robbers or Red Indians.

I traveled that night to Fort Saint Jean at Marseille, the bureau depot and clearing house of the XIX Army Corps, which is the army of Africa. Here, it is true, I found dirt, discomfort, fatigues, nasty menial manual labor, and somewhat rough, contemptuous treatment; but what did these things matter? My barracks

were a moated mediæval castle, within sight of Monte Cristo's Château d'If, and my companions were wearing the most romantic and attractive uniforms in the world! Every branch and service of the French Army was represented, and, if the noise was reminiscent of a parrot house, so were the colorfulness and the exotic sights and sounds. There were Spahis, in incredibly gorgeous dress, Zouaves, Turcos, *tirailleurs*, *chasseurs d'Afrique*, colonial infantry, gunners, sappers, and *légionnaires*; and undoubtedly the parrots could swear—as well as eat, drink, and flutter gay plumage. I was thrilled, and could n't see or hear enough of these men who brought a breath of strange and different life from across the sea—men who had marched and served and fought in such strange places—men from Africa! And I thought of a Latin tag from schoolboy days: 'There's always something new from Africa.'

I had made no friends among the recruits on our way to join the Legion. Frankly, I did n't like the look of them. Nor did I gather that they particularly liked the look of me. They were mostly unshaven, unwashed, collarless men, rather rough, rather smelly in the unventilated barrack room, and with ways that differed widely from those to which I had been accustomed. In fact, they were entirely foreign to me in speech and habits, and some of them reminded me of the sea captain's terse official report on the manners and customs of the Cannibal Islanders: 'Manners none and customs nasty!' But after a few days at Fort Saint Jean we were shipped across to Oran in Algeria, and taken thence by train eighty miles inland, to Sidi-bel-Abbès, the

depot of the First Battalion. And here things were different. We had our uniforms now, and uniform is a great leveler. We were all soon shaved and clean and shining bright. Everyone understood French, which was the lingua franca, and one quickly found one's own level, and companions of one's own sort and kind. That is one of the marvels of the Legion. Every nation is represented; and not only every class, but every sort and kind, every rank and trade and profession. I was most enthusiastic, and derived endless interest from observing my comrades—the most incredibly mixed assemblage of men on the face of the earth. They included not only people of all the nations of Europe, but even Chinese, Japanese, Arabs, and assorted Africans; and I was glad when I completed a selection of representatives of all five continents by meeting an Australian and more than one American.

BUT I have to tell you about one particular day of glorious life in the Legion, and will first describe some of the men of my own *escouade*, my comrades of the day in question. First of all, there was Pierre. You would have liked Pierre—one of the merriest souls I ever met. Nothing could damp his cheerfulness except wine, and that in sufficient quantity to quench him altogether. Pierre ceased to be amusing only when he could speak no more. There was only one stage of his long and happy journeys from sobriety to speechlessness when he was ever a bore, and that was the moment—the inevitable moment—when he would tell you all about his murder, or his most interesting murder. I am afraid the story must have been true, for he

always told it in the same way and never varied a detail. 'And to think how kind I always was to her,' he would expostulate. 'I hardly ever beat her when she did n't deserve it. She always had plenty to eat—when there was plenty; and she frequently tasted wine—when I was asleep. . . . Why, I actually married the woman. And what did she do when my back was turned, and my stomach was being badly turned, while I was doing six months in the "box" for borrowing money from a bourgeois, without telling him, one night, in the Place Pigalle? She went off with Tou-tou-Boil-the-Cat, the lieutenant of our band. Fact. She did. She won't again, though. I went after her when I came out.

"Your heart's in the right place, my love," I said. "It's your head that leads you astray." Then I cut it off. *Oui, Monsieur.* I, Pierre Pompom, held her up by her hair with my right hand—so—and cut her head off. . . . *Psstt!* Yes. With this very knife.' And at this point Pierre would produce a knife from the back of his belt.

Yes, I believe Pierre was a murderer. But he was a very nice one to meet, and only made these *faux pas*—or talked about them—when he was n't quite himself. But I never met a braver man in my life. He was as true as steel, a splendid comrade, and faithful unto death.

In curious contrast to him there was Müller, a German—an aristocrat, an ex-officer, and a typical *Junker*. He was as self-controlled and unemotional as Pierre was vivacious and flamboyant. 'Hans Müller,' he called himself (though he was certainly *von* and *zu* and probably *Graf* or *Baron*, and possibly Hohenzollern or

Hohenlohe). He was a man who simply hated to laugh with joy, or swear with rage, or to express any emotion whatsoever. His exceedingly handsome face, with its cold blue eyes, high-bridged nose, golden moustache, hard mouth, and fine chin, was a face that never changed, never smiled or frowned. And this was n't by any means because he was stupid, stolid, or phlegmatic; not a bit of it. He was an extremely clever man—musical, widely read, highly cultured, traveled, and in the best sense of the word a gentleman. I knew nothing of his life, but only of his death. Why he joined the Legion I don't know. But there was certainly a woman in his story. For in a quiet voice and with an expressionless face he would speak most bitterly of women.

There was Ramón Diego, a very tough Spaniard from the Pyrenees, smuggler or smuggler's muleteer, known as 'The Devil.' And he *was* a devil—to fight, though unfortunately he would fight only with a knife. As he explained, it was the weapon he had been taught to use in childhood, and since then he had used no other. He was a big, dark, saturnine, smouldering sort of volcano, always about to erupt; and much respected by those who did n't care for knife-fighting. I was very fond of Ramón, a simple, forthright soul.

Then there was 'Ivan the Terrible'—six foot seven (I am not sure it was n't six foot eight), weight unknown, as he always broke the machine. He had been a subaltern of the famous Preobrazhenski Regiment—Siberian Rifles (alas! no more, I fear), and made no secret of how he came to the Legion. He went on leave, and followed a lady of whose appearance

he approved the whole length of the Siberian Railway from Port Arthur to Saint Petersburg, thence to Paris, on to Marseille, and across to Algiers. There the dream had ended, probably with Ivan's money. And finding the French Legion nearer than the Siberian Rifles, and probably much more likely to extend a welcome, Ivan had turned in with them, instead of going back. He was a great lad with a heart of gold, a tongue of silver, a hand of iron, and a front of brass.

Torvaldsen the Dane was another fine fellow, so clean-looking and clean-living; but Cortlandt, the Dutchman, unlike nearly all Dutchmen, was a bad lot, though he had had a lot to make him bad. And once he was up against a sergeant, his stubborn Dutch spirit kept him there. He used to drink a vile rice spirit called *tchum-tchum* which was, I suppose, the nearest thing he could get to *Schnaps*, and when he had had a drink or two of this poison, he would seek me out and remind me that the Dutch once sailed up the Medway. I invariably replied: 'Never mind, Fatty. Nobody noticed them.' And he would go away and think this over, with the help of more *tchum-tchum*, until he fell asleep.

What makes the particular day I am going to tell you about an outstanding one for me is the fact that on it I lost these friends of mine, and though I had n't known them long I missed them badly; also because I got an interesting little souvenir scar on my head and an interesting little souvenir dagger that now decorates my study wall, having failed to decorate my stomach.

WE WERE on the march, and in a hurry. We slept where we dined, and

we dined where we fell down, after marching the whole of a terrible day over sand. Although I had done some grueling marches during training days and after, I thought of the warning of the recruiting officer in Paris. There *was*, as he had ironically said, 'lots of sand; blue sky; no rain; no snow; no fog; sunshine—sunshine all the time. Camels (glimpsed far off—with scouts on them), mirages, palms, and oases (in the mirages).' I thought not only of the recruiting officer, but of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' and his bitter complaint. You may know the verse beginning:—

And all in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon
Stood right above:...

the whole beastly show. And 4 A.M. next morning the buglers blew reveille, and this particular, slightly hazardous day in the Legion began.

I rolled over and dressed—by putting on my *képi*. I then slipped on my equipment, and was ready. I was particularly ready for my share of the contents of the pail brought from the company cooking fire by Ivan the Terrible. It was hot, liquid, sweet, and had an unmistakable flavor of coffee. I dipped out a mugful of this heartening brew, and produced the remainder of my breakfast from my haversack. If I remember rightly, it was a hard, dry biscuit and some soft, wet macaroni. We fell in by sections, each section in three ranks, so that when we got the order to right-turn and march, we marched in threes, and not in columns of fours as the British Army does. One long march is very like another; but this was more so than most, by reason of the record length, the record heat, the soft looseness of sand, and the fact that we were

marching by compass across sand dunes, and were perpetually climbing up one side and down the other, instead of marching on the flat. We were literally crossing an uncharted ocean of sand; and its billows were as regular, numerous, and monotonous as those of any of the great ocean wastes of water.

However, we realized that it was necessary to avoid the usual road or caravan route, for we were hastening to the relief of a suddenly beleaguered fort; and the Arabs would no doubt be on the watch for us on the road. We were a surprise packet, in fact, posted to arrive when and where least expected. We did n't march, as the British soldier does under a tropical sun, in pith helmets, half-sleeved, open-necked shirts, shorts, and puttees. We wore cloth caps with a peak in front and a white or khaki curtain hanging round the neck behind; thick, long, heavy overcoats buttoned right up to the throat; baggy trousers tucked into leggings; thick, heavy boots, and no socks. We were pretty well loaded, too, with long rifles, long bayonets in steel sheaths, very big water bottles, two hundred rounds of ammunition, stuffed musettes or knapsacks containing spare kit, laden haversacks, canteens, and a spare pair of boots. But besides these things each man had some such extra load as part of a tent, firewood, or a cooking vessel; so that the top of the load on one's back rose as high as the top of one's head—or higher, and bumped against it. It took me a long time to get used to this.

No. We weren't a bit smart to look at, and there was no march discipline. We did n't march. We shuffled, sham-bled, staggered, tottered, strolled,

rolled, bowled, and pitched along anyhow. The one thing we did n't do was to straggle. The pace was set and kept, and the slogan was '*Marchez ou crevez!*' 'March or die,' for if you did n't march you would most certainly die—of thirst and starvation if you were lucky, or of Arabs if you were n't. At the end of each hour the whistle blew and the little column halted for 'the cigarette space,' just time to smoke a cigarette. In theory it was ten minutes in each hour. During one longer halt the cooks prepared a meal of a sort of stew. In time the strain began to tell, and it was just about when people were beginning to grumble that I realized that the recruiting officer had been premature in his sarcastic praises of the desert life as regards the absence of fog. For, to the appalling heat and electrical atmospheric conditions, fog was added. A beastly oppressive choking fog of dust, that diminished the circle of our horizon and rendered the almost unbearable conditions of marching even more unbearable. 'Sand storm,' said the less experienced soldiers, but the old, long-service men growled that a sand storm was n't a sand storm while you could see and breathe and march and were n't buried alive—or dead. This was nothing but a little dust! It was truly awful anyway, and I plodded along, bent nearly double, not caring what particular name they gave it. There was one thing to be thankful for, however. We were off the soft, shifting sand dunes; and now marching across a level plain of hard, sand-covered ground. Between us and the sky was a veil of dust through which the sun did not so much shine as loom like a ball of brass in the hot and coppery sky. And from

time to time great blinding clouds of sand enveloped us.

I SUPPOSE it was owing to these conditions that the Arabs caught us as they did. We had out a 'point' and flankers, of course, but presumably the flankers were ridden down when plodding along, bent double, seeing nothing but the ground, and not caring if it snowed Arabs. They seemed to come down the wind like the dust itself. There were a few shots, a whistle, one or two orders, and thanks to Legion drill and Legion discipline the Arab charge was met in the right way, and just in time. My own *escouade* was unlucky in happening to be opposite to the thickest part of the Arab line, and, in spite of the number of men and horses that our fire brought down, the remainder charged home with lance and sword, and long gun fired at short range from the hip—with a weird and wild war cry of '*Lab illa il Allab! Allabu Akbar!*' It sounded rather like a pack of jackals. Just behind me the excellent Sergeant Krantz, a cool veteran, shouted his orders. 'Steady, now, steady! Aim low. Shoot at the horses! Aim low!' until suddenly, for the best of reasons, he stopped.

I don't really remember very much of this particular scrap. But I do remember the incredulity and the thrill at finding that I was actually taking part in a real, good, old-fashioned fight; just the sort of thing one reads about. 'This was what I came for,' I said to myself. 'The genuine thing! What splendid luck! A real fight with real Arabs in a real desert! It does n't seem real.' But it was, and we got what is known to the vulgar as a 'bellyful.' Since the first shots and

shouts it was only a matter of seconds, I suppose, when, with an earth-shaking thunder of hoofs, the leaders of the charge were upon us.

Suddenly I realized that a big bearded man in flowing, fluttering, dirty white garments, with a nasty long lance, was coming straight at me—me personally. I fired at him point-blank, and apparently missed him. Also his spear missed me, due to the fact that Pierre shot either him or his horse. Quite unwounded, I was knocked head over heels, either by this horse or another, and got to my feet as an Arab, who had reined up, or whose horse had been wounded, made a cut at me with a sword. More by luck than judgment I parried the cut, the sword striking the curved cross hilt of my bayonet. As I drew my rifle back to lunge, the Arab whirled up his sword and cut again; and either my bayonet went in under his ribs below his raised sword arm just before the blow fell, or else Ivan shot him from behind, just in time. Anyhow, the sword cut that should have split my skull only gave me a cut on the head. As I staggered back, a bit dazed, a man on the ground grabbed my leg, tripped me up, and slashed at me with a dagger. He meant well—but was presumably a bit shaken by the fall that had sent his lance, rifle, or gun flying from his hand, and only struck my cartridge pouch. After an intimate minute with him I got the dagger. Once more I rose to my feet and saw that the Arabs were in full flight—not in defeat, but according to their tip-and-run plan. 'Salvo' or rather 'volley fire' continued while they were in sight. It was not until the 'Cease fire!' sounded that I realized what this little fight had cost me personally.

Pierre was dead. The front of his coat was sodden with blood. Hans Müller was dead, with a hideous spear wound in his throat. Ivan was dead, and, ironically in the case of so tigerishly brave a man, had his wound in his back. Torvaldsen was dead; demonstrating in death what we had known of him in life—that he had a brain. Cortlandt, though not dead, was unconscious and dying, kicked on the head by a horse. Ramón was all right, and showed me the body of an Arab whom he had killed.

At sunset the scorching wind dropped and the fog of dust slowly turned to a mere mist. When we could go no further we camped for the night, or rather for a small part of it, on a sandy plateau, scratching out a hasty square of trenches in the sand, posting

sentries, and then just falling down and sleeping where we fell; many too weary even to eat.

My own personal cup was not yet quite full, as I was chosen for guard, and had to do two hours of sentry-go forthwith. Long before dawn we marched again, and when we reached the fort it was to learn that its attackers had raised the siege and departed, probably at receiving news of the approach of the main body of the relieving force. It was probably a tribe belonging to the besieging force which, on their way home to bed, had encountered us. So ended, very tamely, a nevertheless sufficiently strenuous twenty-four hours in the Legion—strenuous, but not, in the eyes of survivors of the Great War, particularly hazardous.

One of Russia's most popular novelists of the post-revolutionary period discusses life and literature with a British journalist. A human yet authentic account of Soviet aspirations.

A NEW Soviet Novelist

By A PARIS CORRESPONDENT

From the *Manchester Guardian*
Liberal Daily

EUGENE ZAMIATIN is one of the big names of present-day Russian literature, and when I heard that he had come to France for a six months' visit I rang him up and asked him for an appointment. '*Manchester Guardian*?' he said. 'Why, certainly. You are about the only English paper that can be found in our public libraries and reading rooms!' The next day I called on him at his hotel in the Latin Quarter. Zamiatin is forty-eight, but he looks no more than thirty-five. He is a 'new' Russian; he is active and enormously competent; and there is nothing of the dreamy Slav about him. There is a constant ironical twinkle in his gray eyes.

'You have come to see Zamiatin the author,' he said, 'but you probably know that, like Chekhov, I am a bigamist. Chekhov had two wives—medicine and literature; my two wives are

shipbuilding and literature.' He had lived in England during the War, and had been chief surveyor of ice-breakers in Armstrong, Whitworth's shipyard at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Zamiatin is a leading Russian expert on ice-breakers, and has six of these vessels to his credit, including the *Lenin*, which played such an important part in the recent explorations of the Kara Sea and of Franz Josef Land. While at Newcastle he also acted as consulting engineer in the building of the *Krassin*—the *Krassin* of Nobile fame. Some years ago he gave up shipbuilding, but still continues to lecture on naval engineering at the Shipbuilding Academy at Leningrad.

If Zamiatin has many achievements to his credit as a naval engineer, his achievements in literature are even more remarkable. His output is relatively small, but of high quality. As

a stylist, he is one of the recognized masters of Russian literature, with a whole galaxy of disciples. Even so, Zamiatin is—to use his own phrase—‘a bit of a heretic.’ He has an ironical mind, and irony, he said, is not looked upon as a virtue in Soviet Russia. On one occasion he even spent a few days in jail for being too ironical. His most important novel, *We*, though published in translations both in America and in France, has not been passed by the Russian censor yet. This book, an ironical fantasia on America’s machine-made civilization, has close affinities with Aldous Huxley’s *Brave New World*. It is not nearly solemn enough for Russia. However, his other books are having a good sale in Russia, and two of his recent plays have had record runs not only in Moscow and Leningrad but also in dozens of provincial towns. ‘Russia,’ he said, ‘is the only country where the theatre still holds its own. We have no theatre crisis. In Russia we play not to a public but to a people. You understand the distinction?’

‘CAN YOU make a comfortable living in Russia?’

‘Comfortable,’ he said, ‘is, of course, a relative term; but, compared with other people, writers are considered well off. There is a shortage of food in Russia, and housing conditions are still very bad; for although they have built a number of new tenement houses in Moscow it is still quite common for three, four, or five people to live huddled together in one room.’

‘Do you have to share your room with anybody?’

‘Oh, no,’ said Zamiatin. ‘I have in Leningrad a three-room flat all to myself. But then, successful writers,

and especially successful playwrights, are in an exceptional position. The successful playwright, who gets his 5 or 6 per cent of the box-office receipts, is the only legitimate bourgeois in Russia to-day; and nobody interferes with his wealth. The same applies, in a lesser degree, to successful novelists; Pilniak and his family, for instance, have a whole five-room house in Moscow. Besides, authors are given a specially generous *payok*, or ration card, which entitles them to butter and cheese and all the other “luxuries” unknown to so many ordinary mortals. The Soviets are very good to authors in that way.

‘All the outstanding professional authors have got this *payok*. There must be seventy-five such authors in Leningrad and about a hundred in Moscow. Besides, our publishers do not differentiate as much as your publishers do between famous authors and beginners. An unknown man gets about 200 rubles [£20 at par] per 10,000 words on the first edition of, say, 5,000 copies, plus an advance royalty; a well-known author may receive two or three times as much, but not more. The really prosperous authors are those whose books are published in the cheap, popular editions with a minimum printing of 30,000 copies. In the main, however, this applies only to books that are considered politically useful.

‘The Russians to-day, and even the peasants,’ Zamiatin continued, ‘are great readers. The country has been psychologically revolutionized. I remember an old peasant woman talking to me about individual farming and collectivization; and, believe me, she pronounced these words as naturally and as easily as though she were

talking about cows and pigs. It is true that in the same village I heard another old woman mutter charms. One of the effects of the Five-Year Plan—an effect more important even than its economic achievements—has been to cure the Russians of their slowness and laziness. The new generation believes in machines and in Americanization. It will be curious to watch Russia during the next ten or fifteen years.'

'Now, what part does literature play in this process? And what is meant by the phrase, "literature in the service of the Five-Year Plan"?''

'I may be a heretic,' Zamiatin smiled, 'but to my mind the phrase means nothing. It is childish idealism. As an engineer, I know that no industrial novel will ever produce an extra ton of steel. As a writer, I know that the desire to write on industrial subjects has merely produced tons of bad novels.'

'But only a few months ago the whole situation changed. To make you understand this change I had better recall the main phases of Russian literature since the Revolution. During the "hungry" years,—the years of civil war and military Communism,—when the world seemed to be coming to an end, the futurists reigned supreme. They claimed to hold the monopoly of the new proletarian art; they soon found that the proletariat would have nothing to do with these *épateurs de bourgeois*. The Nep period was marked by a fresh outburst of literary talent in Russia; but this new literature was not proletarian either. The best writers of that period were officially known as "*popuchiki*,"—or "fellow travelers,"—they mostly belonged to

the intelligentsia and were not Communists, though most of them were, or pretended to be, in sympathy with the Soviet Revolution.

'Among these men there were several writers of real talent; there were Vsevolod, Ivanov, and Babel, whose stories of the civil war had a freshness, a vitality, and an epic sweep that Russian literature had not known for a long time; there was Zoschenko, the Chekhov of Nep Russia; Ognev, whose *Communist Schoolboy's Diary* is sufficiently well-known in England; there was Pilniak, an uneven writer but one with a startlingly fresh manner; there was the gifted playwright, Bulgakov; the first-class writer, Leonov, and many others. This literature continued to flourish until about 1926.

'IN THE meantime a new class of writers, almost exclusively Communist, had come into being; these included some old men like Gladkov, whose *Cement* was the first industrial novel of its kind; and many young men of greater talent than he, such as Sholokhov, the author of the *Quiet Don*, an epic novel, and Fadeiev, the author of *Destruction*, a good novel on the civil war in Siberia.

'Unlike the *popuchiki*, most of these young proletarian writers wrote in a simple, straightforward, though often rather naïve style. They looked upon Tolstoi as their model. With the beginning of the Five-Year Plan these proletarian writers gained enormously in influence. Their organization, the Rapp (the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers), claimed that they were the only orthodox Soviet writers; that they represented the true spirit of Soviet Russia, and it was they

who proclaimed the famous doctrine that literature must henceforth serve the Five-Year Plan.

'For a time the Rapp was encouraged from above, and it soon managed to capture most of the literary reviews and to monopolize literary criticism. The Rapp critics, while exaggerating the merits of almost any writer belonging to their organization, were often grossly unfair to the *popuchiki*. Often, and without any apparent reason, they would brand the *popuchik* books as anti-revolutionary. The effects of this policy were not too good. The *popuchiki*, who included some of the most gifted Russian writers, tried—with only a few exceptions—to adapt themselves, as best they could, to the requirements laid down by the Rapp critics. Such attempts were not usually successful; both Pilniak's *Volga* and Leonov's *Sot*—two novels on industrial subjects (both have appeared in English)—compare very unfavorably with their authors' earlier writings.

'But a few months ago an unexpected thing happened—it was a real literary *coup d'état*. The highest Soviet authorities realized that this could not

go on; and, probably under the influence of Gorki, they took the bold step of dissolving the Rapp and putting an end to its monopoly. The overwhelming influence of the Rapp has, I admit, not been entirely fruitless. Many a writer who was indifferent to industrial subjects began to take an interest in them. Many of the older writers have been carried away by the new spirit; all of them have learned the facts and have closely observed the process. The members of the Rapp have now joined the Writers' Union, which was until recently a *popuchik* organization. I believe it is all to the good; the ex-*popuchiki* and the proletarians will now influence and supplement each other; and I believe that the literature of to-morrow will be a happy synthesis between the dry realism and dogmatism of the proletarians and the high literary technique and imaginative gifts of the "fellow travelers." Within a few years Russia may enter a new era of high literary achievement. The Soviet authorities have fortunately realized that literature cannot be turned into a publicity agency.'

At least one German is able to find enjoyment in life. The author of *A Cultural History of the Modern Age* extols the virtues of light-heartedness.

On NOT Being Earnest

By EGON FRIEDEL

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*
Vienna Conservative Daily

I SPENT only three years in the gymnasium of Frankfurt-am-Main. Then I was expelled. One day my teacher told me that either he or I would have to stop coming to class, and the rector decided that it should be I. When my parents came to the teacher in tears and asked him what in God's name he had against me, since I had only forgotten my blotting paper once during the whole semester, and since my ideas on politics were completely crazy, he replied, 'I have nothing in particular against him, but he is a rascal.' He stroked his beard and added threateningly, 'And at the age of fifteen.'

I am inclined to believe that the professor exaggerated a little and that his conception of rascality was not very comprehensive. At the same time, I should be delighted if his judgment were correct, not only then, but today, too. For in the intervening years

I have speculated on this problem and come to the conclusion that rascality is something to be very proud of. As I see it, men are divided into two groups—frivolous people and earnest people, or 'simoomists,' as my friend, Arthur Kahane, the author of many plays produced by Reinhardt, once called the kind of men who have the effect of a simoom because they nip everything in the bud.

In any case, there are two general divisions of mankind, the light-wits and the light-weights. The light-wits are talented and fond of life. The light-weights have no talent and no capacity for life. Most so-called serious people are simoomists and hence belong to the ungifted order of human society. Artists, on the other hand, are always rascals, and hence are the most talented creatures alive. To feel this contrast acutely one has only to read any of the great poets. The fool in *As*

You Like It is a rascal and has an artistic nature. Malvolio is a simoomist and serious. There is the same contrast between Hamlet and Polonius and between Eilert Lövborg and Jürgen Tesman in *Hedda Gabler*. In almost all great works of literature we see the same contrast, consciously or unconsciously displayed.

I HAVE said that being a rascal means almost the same thing as having talent, and I must add that the degree to which frivolousness is developed in a man measures precisely the depth and extent of his talent. To prove this point empirically I should have to outline all of world history, and I shall therefore quote only two instances to expose the simoomists.

Bismarck is a man whose creative achievements nobody can deny. The delight he took in jokes and humor was so indomitable that he scarcely ever missed an opportunity to indulge himself, although more than once in his life he occupied a really serious, responsible position. Instead of telling one of the innumerable anecdotes that illustrate his humor, I shall confine myself to relating one incident that proves more than all the others put together. It is drawn from the diary of Emperor Frederick, who was then Crown Prince. On the fifteenth of July 1870, together with Bismarck, Roon, and Moltke, he had gone to Brandenburg to meet King William *en route* from Ems to Berlin. On the way back to Berlin Bismarck gave the King a summary of the European situation, 'with great clearness,' comments the Crown Prince, 'and appropriate seriousness, without any of the usual jokes of which he was so fond.' Remember the situation. Be-

tween the Ems dispatch and general order of mobilization, the Chancellor of the North German Confederation was explaining to the King, the Crown Prince, the war minister, and the chief of the general staff the important features of the situation, yet he remained completely serious. He did not make a single joke, and the Crown Prince notes this amazing fact in his diary. The obvious moral is that Bismarck must have always lacked this supposedly essential seriousness; yet succeeded in becoming the greatest practical genius that Germany produced since Frederick the Great, who also lacked earnestness.

Of Frederick, Macaulay has said that he possessed a passion that might be forgiven in a boy but that almost invariably indicates a bad mental constitution in a man of ripe years and good understanding, and he made a habit of indulging it on every occasion. This was his pleasure in practical jokes. Whenever a nobleman was proud of his clothes oil was poured on his richest uniform. Whenever a man was fond of money, some trick was played on him that compelled him to pay out more than he received. When a man worried about his health he was told that he had hydrophobia, and when he finally decided to take a certain cure a letter was mailed to him to frighten him away from the journey.

Frederick used to indulge in this kind of thing while he was strengthening his army, preparing it for battle, and making his nation more feared than any other European country of its time. And, not to desert the dour state of Prussia, let me call to mind Moltke, whose dark, silent seriousness has become proverbial. In

the middle of June 1866, when Bismarck informed Moltke that the King had finally decided to give the operations on the Bavarian frontier a military turn, thus leading to the outbreak of a decisive conflict that had been threatening for a hundred years, Moltke turned around as he was leaving the room and asked Bismarck if he knew that the inhabitants of Dresden had 'spattered' [*gesprengt* = spattered or 'blown up'] their big bridge. 'Too bad,' said Bismarck. 'It was a handsome bridge. When did this happen?' 'Yesterday,' Moltke replied, 'but only with water.'

AND, now, to the particular annoyance of all simoomists I am going a step further and assert that everything valuable is pure play and that all human activities remain valuable only as long as they remain a kind of game. And they begin to possess value only when they turn into play. This we see about us every day. All the higher human virtues, good tone, good breeding, social forms, are completely useless and in many cases even completely senseless. It is absolutely useless and meaningless suddenly to raise one's hat in the street unless one is overcome with unbearable heat, to wear different waistcoats in the afternoon and evening, to give up one's seat to a lady in an omnibus, or to write a poem to her. There is no practical purpose whatever in sitting down beside people at a dinner table and exchanging compliments with them. There is no point in propounding a theory of the world, in keeping horses or dogs, in painting on canvas, in collecting butterflies, in advancing a new philosophy. All these activities are idle pursuits and their value in-

creases in proportion as their practical uselessness increases.

On the other hand, what is not frivolous? Buying a pound of cheese, loading a cannon, speculating on the Stock Exchange, washing a pair of stockings, paying a bill. All great, profound new discoveries were made in a spirit of play. All our practical inventions from prehistoric times downward arose from some utterly impractical activity. The projectile, the flint, the hammer—all these were originally games. James Watt killed time watching a kettle bubble and in consequence completely transformed the surface of the earth. Count Mirabeau, a gifted actor who spoke well and liked to hear himself talk, made a series of public addresses and the social structure of Europe fell to pieces. A well-paid old gentleman named Socrates killed time making aphorisms, and an equally well-paid fellow citizen named Plato made them into an amusing series of dialogues. These dialogues were piled up in libraries. The libraries were burned to the ground. The books were supposed to be waste paper. Later new libraries were compiled, and now thousands of heads and stomachs live off the wisdom of Plato.

The so-called earnest man, on the other hand, accomplishes nothing. He wants to transform life into a financial deal that bears interest. But only dead things bear interest. He looks the world in the eye and asks what it means, but it turns its back on him, for the secrets of the world behave like children. Confronted by a serious, cold, worthy person, they turn their backs and one can get nothing out of them. And children have exactly the right instinct. They know that life is

not serious and they treat it as a game, as a jolly way of spending time. But then comes the schoolmaster and says to them, 'You must be earnest, for life is earnest,' although the answer to this statement always is, 'Take nature as your model and your guide in life.'

For nature is given over to nothing but nonsense. The butterflies dance, the crickets chirp, the peacock spreads its tail, the rooster crows, and the monkey has nothing in his head but jokes. The cat plays with the mouse before she devours it, for she would rather play than eat, and I gravely doubt whether the lower forms of life, the plants, for instance, have any idea that they are creating anything. I believe that apples are quite unim-

portant to an apple tree and that it finds its highest pleasure in flowers and odors that have no purpose or meaning. Even the flowers in the field can hardly take their highest satisfaction in persuading insects to carry pollen from one to the other; in my opinion they are so frivolous and superficial that they regard their lovely colors and pleasant smells as ends in themselves. And man, who is much more highly developed, pays little attention to the conventionality of his behavior when he is in love. In brief, everything that is not utterly offensive is undertaken without any material purpose. Even this shrewd little essay, my dear editor, was not written simply because you wanted something of mine.

BOOKS ABROAD

DIE WELT AUS DEN FUGEN, AMERIKA IN DER KRISE. By Richard Lewinsohn. Dresden: Carl Reissner Verlag. 1932.

AMERIKA, UNTERGANG AM ÜBERFLUSS. By A. E. Johann. Berlin: Ullstein Verlag. 1932.

ASIEN GRUNDLICH VERÄNDERT. By Egon Erwin Kisch. Berlin: Erich Reiss Verlag. 1932.

(Arthur Feiler in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt)

TWO Germans have again visited America and their travel books, which are real travel books, easily composed, easily written, and easy to read, have just appeared. Richard Lewinsohn, in *The World Off Balance*, is inclined to look at things from above, out of Wall Street and Washington offices. Johann, in *America, Depression by Overproduction*, makes it his purpose to see how unemployment and communism are developing in America, and he looks at the country from below, from the point of view of the man in the street. Although Mr. Hoover was interviewed by Lewinsohn and Mr. Ford by Johann, neither had anything surprising to say. But Johann also records numerous conversations with the unemployed, and these are most worth while. The essence of what both these visitors have to report is familiar enough, but their descriptions are remarkably plastic, vivid, and impressive.

'The hunger for raw materials and manufactured goods,' says Lewinsohn, 'is tremendous. Immense quantities of raw materials and manufactured goods exist, yet the buyers and

sellers can never get together. Living next door to Canada, which has the richest wheat fields in the world but which cannot sell its products, unemployed workers by the hundred thousands are not even able to stay their hunger with dry bread. Many farmers in Canada and the States have not ground their wheat because it would not pay, though at the same time thousands of unemployed dwelling in near-by cities have had to stand in line for hours twice a day waiting to receive the meagre provender of a soup kitchen.'

Remember America is being described here, not Germany. America has not got our particular form of republican government on which we blame the whole crisis and all the suffering of our peasants, our unemployed, and our business men. In America there is no 'system,' no 'Marxism,' no 'socialization,' no 'political dole,' there are no organized trade unions and no unemployment insurance; yet the crisis has produced just as much destitution among men and factories as it has in our country. Just as in Germany, business men and the politicians who support them demand free economic competition when they are trying to form a solid front against the working class, but quite forget all their talk of free competition when there is any question of raising tariffs, forming trusts, or paying out subsidies. As a result of this state of mind, huge amounts of public money are being appropriated for all kinds of revival schemes, invariably without success and at great financial cost.

How do the unemployed in America feel during this crisis? 'Nobody,' writes Johann, 'knows how many there are of them, nobody knows how they manage to live, nobody knows where they live, nobody knows if they will ever be able to earn anything again.' Both books reveal that the misery among the unemployed must be terrible. 'Moscow without its driving force,' says Lewinsohn. Yet Russian communism has made no more progress in America during the crisis than European socialism has. Interest in Soviet Russia has increased tremendously in recent years, but this interest is almost exclusively commercial. People want to do business with the Soviet Union. What capitalist country does not? At any rate that is the way it looks from on top.

But from below Johann takes a diametrically opposite point of view, though in the last analysis it is not so very different. He found terrific bitterness among the unemployed. He reports that communism is growing at terrific speed as poverty increases, though the number of enrolled party members remains small, since those who belong to the party cannot be sure of holding their jobs. Underground agitation is extraordinarily active and the communists are trying to eliminate race hatred and make the unfortunate whites cooperate with the dreadfully oppressed Negroes. Nevertheless, this author cannot see that communism has any real chance in America,—though he tried hard to believe so,—at any rate not until the distant future. Communism could succeed only if the workers and farmers banded together, but the workers are hoping for better times

and the farmers have always been individualists. Only now, during the world crisis, does everything in America look dark and hopeless.

ANYONE who wants to read optimistic, enthusiastic descriptions of modern business, modern technique, modern industry, modern progress, and modern culture such as we used to hear about in Europe and America will have to turn to other countries. Such material can be found, strange as it may seem, in descriptions of the Soviet Union. Typical in this respect is the newest piece of reporting by Egon Erwin Kisch, entitled *Asia Fundamentally Altered*. This wandering reporter flies from Moscow. 'New bridges, railways, houses, silos, factory chimneys below us; we fly over the Five-Year Plan' southward to the Pamirs, where the Soviet Union touches British India and China, and to the cities of Tashkent, Bokhara, and Samarkand. He traverses mysterious Asia, where everything was mediæval, feudal, and despotic a few years ago, and where the flag of Bolshevism now flies. But what he tells us about is only one-third Asia. The second third is Moscow and the final third, although he does not say so, is really America, or rather the Americanism of prosperous America.

This is not meant to be ironic; it is stated in all seriousness. Of course Kisch tells about child misery and child marriage, about the oppression of women and the exploitation and domination of the populace by the leaders who ruled over them until the victorious revolution. We then grasp the fact that this revolution which came and conquered represents an incomprehensible miracle. Since

the new order has emancipated women and made them the equals of men, since it is bringing children and grown-ups to school, and since the Revolution has given the peasants and workers tools and information that make their work more efficient, who can refuse to see a great step forward here, a real accomplishment? Finally, we realize that Bolshevism may be capitalistic in form but not in its attitude toward property, and therefore we read with interest about a factory of essential oils in Tajikistan which in socialistic competition with other factories built at the same time is trying to fulfill the Five-Year Plan by shipping truckloads of hair tonic, perfume, and pomade to the hair-dressing coöperatives in Leningrad and Kiev and is even exporting its products to western China and Afghanistan.

But enthusiasm over the fact that Central Asia has radios and sound films reminds us somewhat of the pre-war period or of America. Even a three-story garage for four hundred automobiles and a stadium in the middle of Asia do not seem so very extraordinary. And, when Herr Kisch jubilantly describes how weaving factories are sounding the death knell of hand looms, those of us whose lives are inextricably bound up with machinery can understand the need for it even there, but we cannot help feeling that the enthusiasm of our reporter is something like a story about Tamerlane that he himself relates.

It seems that Tamerlane once built a fortress in the desert out of the bodies of ten thousand military prisoners. He had them tied together and fastened to stakes and then had clay and mortar poured over them. Of

course that could happen only to a Tamerlane in fourteenth-century Asia and has nothing to do with modern industry that has learned how to build out of steel and concrete. What, then, does it teach us? Just this. When we hear that printing presses are now being built in Asia we find ourselves asking what they will print, words of light or darkness, words of wisdom and humanity, or devilish demagoguery. For paper takes whatever is imprinted on it, as even the Kirghiz will learn soon enough, and America might serve as a warning now that it does not feel so sanguine as it used to a few years ago when it regarded itself as God's own country.

But that is the way the world is at the present time. Asia fundamentally changed, America fundamentally changed, Europe fundamentally changed. America growing more like Europe; Russia growing more like America. Everything in the Orient and the Occident is changing place. The Occident is tortured by scruples and doubts. Rose red, blood-red optimism is at home only in the East. And Germany lives in twilight.

COLA S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE. By Mario Puccini. Paris: A. Fayard et Cie. 1932.

(Robert de Traz in the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva)

HOW many war books we have seen, and what a variety of them. Those that were written in the early days of the great conflict took the form of documents and the public threw itself upon them to discover what was going on at the front, what the fighters thought about. Some of the most moving accounts were written by the men first mobilized, those

who met with sudden death. Then as the War continued and spread throughout the whole world, it ceased causing astonishment and did not transform people morally. We lost interest in the tales of returned soldiers.

Then, after some years of meditation had passed, more orderly books began to appear. The memories of the soldiers had grown sufficiently pale to be incorporated in works of art. Imagination also awoke. Not all these authors were first rate, but they enjoyed tremendous sales because the great public prefers material that is not authentic.

It seems that this literary vein has now been exhausted. I say 'seems' because I believe that in ten or twenty years the sons and grandsons of the combatants will write war books that will bear no resemblance to reality but that will be magnificent and complete. Let us not forget that we had to wait a whole generation before the wars of Napoleon were treated lyrically. It was Victor Hugo, the son of a general, who made Napoleon sublime.

The book under discussion here, which has just been translated into French, deals with the War from a special point of view. Signor Puccini makes no attempt to teach, terrify, or even move us. He gives no dramatic descriptions of attacks or bombardments. But he paints a portrait, and in describing one company he has depicted a whole nation. The War serves merely as a pretext to define a race.

Mario Puccini is one of the most remarkable Italian novelists. Born in 1887, he was among the first in his generation to rebel against D'Annunzio's influence. He rejected the ex-

uberance of the divine Gabriele, his extreme æstheticism and immoralism, as dangerous. The cosmopolitan D'Annunzio owes a great deal to Maupassant, Dostoevski, Wagner, Nietzsche, and the English poets; he is both worldly and passionate. A sportsman and a traveler, an egoistic artist obsessed with his own silhouette and legend, he is one of the last manifestations of romanticism.

Puccini, on the other hand, and those who resemble him are provincial writers, faithful to their traditions, solitary by choice, preoccupied with interior truth. They do not intrude between the reader and their work. They do not take us into their direct confidence. They have no use for rare phrases or unusual situations. They are observers of daily life, friends of simple people. But this very simplicity, when described by Signor Puccini, becomes complex and touching. His petty bourgeois and peasants are attached by all their instincts to universal life, to the community of nature and man. And perhaps it is this feeling for the vast flow of life that carries us along with it whether we like it or not that gives Signor Puccini's work a profoundly tragic character.

In this respect he is perfectly Italian. For that noble race, which appears to the hasty tourist to be pleasure-loving and superficial and composed exclusively of mandolin players and macaroni eaters, actually possesses a seriousness, a bitterness, and even a pessimism that one does not find in Northern Europe. It is in the north that life is taken easily. Southern lands often bring forth austere, grave, disciplined people, profoundly passionate, with a sense

of implacable destiny. Perhaps this resigned acceptance, this latent stoicism enables them to give themselves up to a gaiety that is full of reserve, a sententious good-fellowship that borders on wisdom.

One finds these strong qualities in *Cola Goes to War*. It begins with familiar, naïve, even jolly descriptions of Cola's adventures on the front. There is nothing heroic about Cola. He tries to avoid getting hurt, to live on good terms with his officers and comrades, to eat and drink well. He takes no interest in the War and asks no questions about it. He lives in the hope that it will soon be over. The memory of his wife and children saddens him a little and comforts him a lot. A brief liaison fills him with remorse, which, of course, is only temporary. Finally a lucky wound sends him home, satisfied and pensioned.

It is an amusing story told with great art and truthfulness, filled with little sly touches. But is this what man amounts to, and war? Signor Puccini's good-fellowship is fundamentally bitter. We amount to very little and there is no use having any illusions on the subject. Nevertheless, this need not prevent us, after we have understood our incapacity, our inconsequence, our combined laziness and fear, from smiling at them. Let us jest at our nothingness.

THE RUSSIAN FACE OF GERMANY.

By Cecil F. Melville. London: *Wishart and Company*. 1932. 6 shillings.

(From the *Saturday Review*, London)

BOOKS may not be like Lord Elton's port ('All port is good, Brother, but some is better than

other'), yet among good books a similar distinction may be drawn, for some good books are good books, whereas there are others not merely good, but indispensable. It is to the latter category that Mr. Cecil F. Melville's book belongs.

The Russian Face of Germany is a good book, as being well composed, clearly written, and the work of a trained journalist who publishes it under a keen sense of responsibility. Though short, it is solid and, though solid, eminently good reading. It is indispensable to all Englishmen who love their country, because it supplies facts on which they can form a serious judgment as to what England's foreign policy should be. To put the matter in a nutshell, Mr. Melville's book shows that, whereas Germany is in theory in possession of no greater armaments than those allotted to her by the treaty of peace, she has in reality built up a formidable aggressive power and that this power is based upon a close military understanding with Soviet Russia.

That such an understanding exists is already known in a general way; Mr. Melville for the first time traces its development in as close detail as can be expected concerning a matter so secret, and gives far more definite proof than anyone could have the right to expect.

The German-Soviet intrigue dates back in its origin to the Russian Revolution, when General Hoffmann, commander in chief on Germany's eastern front, arranged the dispatch of Lenin and a number of his henchmen through Germany to Russia, there to act like poison gas on the Russian army. This once accomplished, with the success that is a

matter of public history, Germany's first object was to obtain complete mastery of Russia, and so nearly was this achieved that during the greater part of 1918 nothing of importance could be done in Russia without the assent of Germany, which held the Ukraine and dominated the north by means of troops within reach of Moscow.

The collapse of the German western front, however, brought direct action to an end and changed German policy in Russia. Thereafter it has had two faces: one by which to menace Western Europe with the Bolshevik power, unless Germany be permitted to arm in defense of Europe, and the other by which to form a military hinterland at the service of Germany against her former enemies.

General Hoffmann himself devoted much attention to exploit the former position; when he failed, the latter came gradually to form the settled basis of policy for the Reichswehr chiefs, who have for the last nine years or so been the real governors of Germany and now openly handle the reins. 'To-day,' writes Mr. Melville, 'the Russo-German collaboration (the *Abmachungen*) is a reality; and not the least real thing about it is just this seemingly paradoxical fact that it is not based on a furtive liaison between the Russian and German Communist parties, but upon a plan carefully elaborated between the Reichswehr and the Red Army.'

No one could be further from jingo or anti-German prejudice than Mr. Melville. He is a Liberal journalist who traveled widely in Central and Eastern Europe for the *Westminster Gazette* between 1927 and 1929. Being a man of intelligence, he could not fail

to acquire evidence of what was going on under the surface; being an honest patriot he could not refrain from publishing his knowledge, which he began to do by an article in the *Sunday Referee* in 1930. His present book contains all the evidence he has been able to obtain up to date.

In an admirable initial chapter entitled 'The Disintegration of the Peace Settlement' Mr. Melville describes the political conditions that led to the revival of German practical ambitions, rightly pointing to the blunder of the Allies in imposing on Germany a professional army capable of great elasticity. He then comes to the heart of his subject in a convincing description of its results, which have blossomed into a network of German gas, airplane, and munition factories situated on Soviet territory and secret military training, experiment, and finance. Among other matters of unfortunately vital concern to ourselves he describes how in October 1926 three Soviet ships laden with munitions were docked at Stettin, one of them carrying at least 350,000 shells.

He tells of the 'Gefu,' the short name for the seemingly innocent 'Society for Promoting Industrial Enterprises,' which has organized poison-gas manufacture in Russia under the control of an ex-German army-corps commander; later, when its operations became suspect, to be changed to the 'Wiko' or equally unalarming 'Wirtschaftskontor.' He gives names and dates belonging to various German military missions to the Soviets, and shows the vast quantities of material for the manufacture of munitions that Germany has sent them.

In this hellish alliance between

oligarchic Germany and communist Russia it is plain, as Mr. Melville points out, that each party believes it can double-cross the other: the Kremlin thinks to use Germany in the cause of world revolution, the Reichswehr to use the Red Army to give it European hegemony. Whichever may be right, the upshot is not less dangerous to European civilization and to us. No one can afford to neglect the potent facts assembled by Mr. Melville. Because his views tally with those recently voiced in these columns, they are not less true. He shows the destructive forces ranged against us; it is for us to guard against them. Forewarned is forearmed. No one now can complain of lack of warning.

SPANIEN HEUTE. By Ilja Ehrenburg.
Berlin: Malik Verlag. 1932.

(Artur Michel in the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin)

ONE cannot help being absorbed by Ilja Ehrenburg's new book, *Spain To-day*, but it is a disappointment compared to his earlier work. We have been waiting for a modern European to understand and explain this puzzling country in its present situation. But Ehrenburg is not a European, he is a Soviet Russian, a fanatical communist, and he does not draw a portrait of Spain but a caricature.

With fanatically constructive one-sidedness he regards Spain as nothing but a unique expanse of stony desert. Only on its outskirts are there meadows, gardens, vineyards, orange and date groves. The capitol stands in the middle of the desert like a bad theatrical effect. Madrid presents an insoluble contradiction of smart skyscrapers and mean streets, of pre-

historic times and the twenty-first century.

Within this framework, and using the sharpest kind of pencil, Ehrenburg displays innumerable other contrasts that impressed him, all of them variations on a single fundamental theme, luxury and misery, the millions in wealth possessed by a few and the extreme poverty of the masses, both the peasants and industrial workers, the farmers and the day laborers. There is nothing abstract here. Everything is drawn from the shimmering wealth of his own observations. Numberless impressionistic sketches in bright colors give the reader's eye as little rest as they allow his interest or his mind.

Social and economic conditions are described relentlessly. The author traveled back and forth through the country, from Barcelona to Cadiz, from Badajoz to Murcia, omitting only the northwestern industrial district, the Ruhr of Spain, and one wonders why. Everywhere he gathered material from experience, observations, comparisons, conversations, books, and newspapers—material that no one has used before. At the same time he fully recognizes the danger of accepting the verdict of a foreigner and his conversations with natives as if they were facts.

He constantly reveals that Spanish individualism means simply a lack of discipline, and he brands as a lie the style of life of the average Spaniard. But at the same time he should not have been willing to believe so much that was told him. There is no country in which people are so given to exaggeration for its own sake as in Spain. When questioned by a foreigner the *caballero* takes particular delight

in letting his imagination run wild in a marvelous mixture of reality and poetry. But when Ehrenburg infuses his conversations with the whole surrounding Spanish atmosphere, he makes the reality of Spain as concrete as it is in his descriptions of economic conditions and social tension. Even more striking is the contrast between his own observation and his credulous reports of dinner-table stories. Indeed, he often seems to be infected by the Spanish imagination when he tries to achieve the effect of contrast by theatrical exaggeration.

Equally striking is the contrast between his ability to record innumerable realistic pictures of modern Spain and its people, relating them to the whole burden of the past, and his lack of good will in bringing his knowledge and understanding to bear on his judgment of the young Republican Government. He hates nothing so much as this 'so-called' Republic, this 'sleeping' Republic that has changed only the scenery, leaving the actors the same as before. He calls the Revolution the 'recostuming of April,' a mere change of cabinet. Nowhere in his book does he come to grips with what the Revolution really wanted, what it accomplished, and what it could have accomplished. In constantly changing directions he expresses nothing but extreme contempt for this dirty business, for the new Constitution, and, above all, for the illegal police organization, the Guardia Civil, which the Republic took over from the Monarchy.

On the subject of present political conditions Ehrenburg becomes a fanatical partisan, a true ideologue. Perhaps that is why, in spite of all his observation of details, he fails to see

the massive reality of modern Spanish humanity, or, perhaps it would be better to say, fails to take it into account. The republic of workers is in his opinion nothing but spiritual, social, and political chaos.

His book is a disappointment, but it had to be written, for it is always important to see things from the opposite point of view. It is a great shame that a Republican newspaper in Madrid has demanded the confiscation of this book, thus merely strengthening some of Ehrenburg's opinions. But the leading Republicans in Spain are perhaps not sufficiently unprejudiced to study it carefully, and it would be most interesting to read a criticism of it from the pen of such an intelligent man as Ortega y Gasset.

SOCIALISMES FRANÇAIS. By C. Bouglé.
Paris: Armand Colin. 1932.

(Henri Gouhier in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*,
Paris)

THE subtitle of M. Bouglé's book is *From 'Utopian Socialism' to 'Industrial Democracy.'* The author has discovered a new and ingenious way of describing past and present without misconstruing the past by being too preoccupied with the present and without stifling the present under the weight of history. Three socialist currents appeared during the nineteenth century in France: Saint-Simonism, Fourierism, and Proudhonism. The purpose of *French Socialisms* is to compare these three tendencies in the light of yesterday and to-day. Such a comparison would not be complete without a study of the cross currents that these socialisms will encounter and which they are going to have to follow or oppose.

Before describing the socialist trinity M. Bouglé therefore defines the influences of the physiocrats and the revolutionary theorists.

French Socialisms is a panorama whose clear design does not exclude picturesque color. In combining ideas and events, the author traces with a sure hand the ties that bind the two together. He shows the connection between the physiocrats and the modern rehabilitation of rural districts, between the extraordinary adventure of Saint-Simon and the great industrial enterprises, between Fourierism and the coöperative movement, between Proudhon and syndicalism and regionalism. M. Bouglé draws us a map that enables us to follow the history of all these movements clearly. He discusses the most varied experiments with sympathetic curiosity, in the belief that the best way of being objective is not to conceal one's preferences. Furthermore, one notes certain vibrations in his pen when he writes the words, 'L'Action Française,' or the name of some counter-revolutionary man of letters.

Two points appear in full light: first, the conflict between the socialist and the democratic spirit; secondly, the richness of French socialism, a richness that has been exploited outside the political parties. Of all the problems raised by M. Bouglé, there is one in particular that requires definition: what was the French Revolution, an event or a portent? I believe that M. Bouglé would prefer the second word. It was the portent of democracy and therefore led us to identify the spirit of democracy with the spirit of the French Revolution. Now the spirit of the Revolution was the kind of individualism that destroys cor-

porations, but it also included the doctrines of Babeuf, a precursor of Bolshevism. It was the liberalism of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, but it was also a Jacobinism that voluntarily adopted dictatorial methods.

How many problems confront anyone who tries to reconcile the democratic spirit with the numerous preoccupations of the revolutionary spirit! Perhaps another attitude should be adopted. Perhaps we should consider the revolution as an event of great importance, a brutal explosion of ideas which, had it not been for the errors of the government, would doubtless have ripened slowly and been assimilated by the intelligence of the French sovereigns, who had long been realistic. From this point of view, the democratic philosophy can and should be distinguished from the event that brought it into the world. The year 1789 and those following belong to history. Twentieth-century democracy is not concerned with the first heartbeats of its great ancestors. For democracy built the modern city without paying any attention to the legacy of the Revolution. The question is whether democracy is the repository of a revolution.

THIS POINT is of capital importance when M. Bouglé begins discussing religious policy. But perhaps the spirit of the Revolution is not such a lay spirit as he believes. The researches of the lamented Albert Mathiez revealed that the revolutionary spirit was essentially religious. The Revolution took the place of Catholicism, which was supposed to be dead, and established a new religion worthy of the Enlightenment. If the demo-

cratic spirit is identical with the revolutionary spirit, then a religious state must be brought into existence to oppose the Church. The state must be separated from a certain church in order to be united with a church of the future. Religious policy therefore involves a struggle between churches, between clergies. But there is another point of view. By freeing itself from the circumstances that existed at its birth, democracy began laicizing itself. We therefore find ourselves asking to what extent the rivalry, mentioned by M. Bouglé at the end of his book, between the modern state and the spiritual power really exists.

What dominates the living history of these French socialisms is the passion for ideas that animates our fellow countrymen. 'The French,' says M. Bouglé, 'will for a long time continue the custom of fighting among themselves over abstractions.' Here is a fundamental truth that explains why our policies are so obscure to foreigners. But, however real French idealism may be, it now involves all kinds of reservations that I do not find in André Siegfried's remarkable *History of Political Parties in France* or in Albert Thibaudet's *Republic of Professors*. Our idealism is lazy or, at any rate, is becoming so. The French citizen is falling asleep in the shelter of past ideas. His spontaneous resistance to so-called American civilization, his insensitiveness to mechanical marvels and the great epoch of machinery mean simply that he is refusing to bestir himself. Instead of welcoming a triumph of the intelligence that

would have delighted Descartes, an opportunity 'to become the master and possessor of nature,' he raises the cry of materialism.

Words ending in 'ism' too frequently conceal from us what I might call concepts of action. Spiritualism and idealism describe the dead relics of spiritualization and idealization. The problem that America poses to the French intelligence is simply this: Shall we have the power to spiritualize the triumph of technical intelligence, to baptize it in the name of the spirit? Georges Duhamel's lamentations in regard to the prospects of the future bear scandalous witness to the fact that reason is deserting us.

The same thing applies to the French enthusiasm for religion, or idealism, as Siegfried, Thibaudet, and Bouglé call it. Yes, but it is an idealism that permits comfortable laziness. It is infinitely easier to defend or attack certain religious groups than to promote Franco-German understanding or administrative reform. Protecting the Republic is a singularly restful occupation. Delivering speeches on education while avoiding all technical questions is an invaluable method of interesting the whole public from right to left. It flatters intellectual pride without demanding any effort.

To recognize this laziness is unquestionably the most urgent duty of political thought. It is a minutely critical task that will force us to renounce our favorite quarrels and our most dazzling memories. But the moment has come to choose between playing the same historic drama over and over, or living.

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

RUSSIA TO DOS PASSOS

JOHN DOS PASSOS is not only one of the most promising American novelists of our time; he is also widely hailed as a trail blazer for the 'proletarian literature' of the future. The publication in Russia of his two latest novels, *The 42nd Parallel* and *1919*, has brought him this comradely message in the columns of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, which shows how he is regarded in the proletarian fatherland:—

DEAR COMRADE,

The two Soviet writers who address you from Moscow across the sea are your attentive readers. A great part of what you have written—as you probably know—has been translated and published in Russian, from *Three Soldiers* to *Manhattan Transfer* and *The 42nd Parallel*. *1919* is being published. Your works have invaded our circles of creative discussion. The reason for this is obvious. The originality and boldness of some of your artistic methods, the power of your means of description create the need to expose their chief ideological elements. Why?

All of us here, in the land of the Soviets, feel ourselves to be pioneers and founders of the new Communist culture. To most of our creative men one problem possesses decisive significance: what does the method of dialectic materialism mean in the art of literature, the method that allows us to impart the deepest imaginative knowledge of reality? We wish to examine all phases of a work of art—the themes as well as the choice of heroes, the method of description as well as the method of comparison—from the standpoint of their class significance. The struggle in our consciousness and in our creation of art against the remnants of capitalism to-day determines our interests as writers and mobilizes us.

From this standpoint we should like to tell you a number of things while we are still under the fresh impression produced by *The 42nd Parallel*, which has recently been published in our country. The book made a great sensation among us. The stories of your characters, the biographies of illustrious Americans, are narrated with brilliant craftsmanship. You found a clear, precise method of recording phenomena in their fluidity. But, in your tendency to be objective to the highest degree, you fell into an ideological isolation from life. In this desire to 'snatch at instants' you came under the influence of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Flashes from newspapers and actual events in *The 42nd Parallel* inevitably recall the empirical method of Joyce, who tries to make an inventory of the whole world like a sheriff or deputy performing his official duty. This is the bourgeois manner of doing things, not our way. Our problem is not to see the world as an ant would see it, creeping from one bit of gravel to another, but to perceive the real structure of the world in order to change it. Ideation, the guide of imaginative perception, does not, however, mean tendentiousness, as was well understood by Goethe, whose centennial is now being observed by the whole civilized world.

All these creative questions interest us not in the abstract, in themselves, but because of their direct connection with the class struggle for the socialist reconstruction of the world, in which we wish to take part with our own writings. For instance, in your essay on *Harlan, Working under the Gun* your talents were given over directly to the aid of the proletariat. There, too, you were objective and honest like a true artist, but there you also illuminated a bit of reality, an enormous part of which the bourgeoisie wishes to hide. The shocking scenes you revealed in

Kentucky recalled similar stories by William Haywood in his well-known autobiography. Many decades lie between these two accounts. In that time the exploitation and terror employed by capitalists against the proletariat has redoubled. The struggle is growing hotter. Everything is impregnated with this struggle, and the inner world of the imaginative artist cannot remain isolated.

Camouflage is the essence of the tactics of capitalism—high-flown oratory about 'prosperity' and millions of unemployed and workers 'working under the gun,' diplomatic ritual at Geneva and the roar of cannon at Shanghai. The drive of Japanese imperialism in the Far East is now arousing particular anxiety. This situation, in which the murder of peaceful Chinese inhabitants and seizure of land take place with impunity, war without the official declaration of war, is a famous example of the newest imperialist tactics. These events are also one of the reasons why we are writing to you. It is difficult to separate imaginative work from politics, for the one is the extension of the other. The lullabies of the press, the mumbling of the League of Nations, the plundering by Japan—all these to-day are not accidental, local happenings but links in a single imperialist front. The nations can come to blows among themselves, but they all have a common foe—the revolutionary proletariat and the land of the victorious proletariat, the Soviet Union. The one fact that we are successfully building socialism forces the capitalists to try in every way to annihilate us. We must not forget this. The bourgeois press likes to reproach us for being too afraid, but the facts unfortunately tell another story.

This is why all those who are close to the cause of the Soviet proletariat, the cause of building socialism, should actively expose and fight the tactics of capitalism. We count you as our friend, that is, a friend of our task. And we hope that you will come forward at once in the press as Romain Rolland did against the

new tactics of imperialism, which is planning a new world war in the east and an attack on the Soviet Union.

It would interest us if you would carry on a constructive discussion with us. Write to us. Our address is the journal, *Literature of the World Revolution*.

Fraternally yours,

CORNELI ZELINSKI

PIOTR PAVLENKO

IN REPLY TO ROTHENSTEIN

THE second volume of William Rothenstein's *Men and Memories* has been received just as enthusiastically as the first, and it is such a readable book that most reviewers allowed the author's personal prejudices to pass unchallenged. But Mr. D. S. MacColl, one of the foremost art critics in London, could not let the book go by without raising a few minor objections in the columns of the *Burlington Magazine*, where he has taxed Mr. Rothenstein with overpraising design in painting and underestimating representation:—

'Representation has been having a poor time; quarrels have broken out with space, except for some verbal devotion to the third dimension; with natural structures with appearance; with all the matter of the painter's art. Design has attempted to set up for itself, or become so abstract that it is like a striker or unemployed laborer on the starvation diet of a dole. The full orchestra of painting has been reduced to a performance on the bones. It is natural, of course, that those who are without any specific gift of the painter should besiege all the back ways, having no key to the front door. But to bar or warn off those who have is another matter.'

Not that Rothenstein has gone to extremes in this respect; he has always been 'preaching a fuller immersion in the subject, and development of design from within it instead of a clamp from without.' But Mr. MacColl does not share Mr.

Rothenstein's enthusiasm for Cézanne, who is described in *Men and Memories* as having 'proved that it is far better to be an inspired amateur than an uninspired professional.' To this judgment Mr. MacColl feels called upon to add the following 'gloss':—

'Cézanne and Whistler were certainly amateurs in the sense that they had none of the professional portrait painter's facility. Few even of our professionals appear to have, or to cultivate it. Most of them now rely on enlarged photographs. A Sargent or an Orpen had at least an infallible eye for size and for the placing of features which constitutes a likeness. Cézanne was wildly devoid of the sense for precise form, proportion, analysis of planes. Whistler had to fight for drawing and by intense application could arrive at it. What carried him away from the line of the Thames etchings and the solidity of the "Piano" picture was the research of color and painter's quality within a silhouette. And the obvious secret, so successfully covered up, about Cézanne is that across the recalcitrancy of forms he sometimes reached his goal, which was brave color and undistressed paint.'

Mr. MacColl also has a personal score to settle with Mr. Rothenstein, who accused him of being 'too much attracted by a happy quality of paint and by charm of color.' Mr. MacColl quotes from his own writings to prove that he has given design its due and he sums up his dispute with Mr. Rothenstein by quoting from *Men and Memories* and then answering the passage in question:—

'I remember,' writes Rothenstein, 'a discussion between MacColl, Fry, and myself, when I told MacColl that he wanted to build with air, I with bronze.'

'There,' replies MacColl, 'we have the bone of contention; to build with bronze is surely the sculptor's job; to be "sculpturesque" in painting is much, may be too much, and is not enough. The different, specific beauty of painting lies in color, in the handling of its own medium,

pigment. Color may be restricted, as with Rembrandt; reduced almost to monochrome, as with Daumier; but, if it is positively wrong and the quality of the paint poor, the picture as a picture fails.'

Mr. MacColl closes his review by denying that he is a 'die-hard' and by praising Mr. Rothenstein for being both 'liberal and learned.'

FIFTY YEARS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

DURING the past summer the British Society for Psychical Research celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Because it has not yet indorsed any unifying theory, it has met with some adverse criticism, though not in scientific circles, for the Society has never collected enough data to justify drawing any far-reaching conclusions. Nevertheless, repeated demonstrations have proved that communication can exist between mind and mind without the aid or intervention of the senses. In other words, the process commonly known as 'mental telepathy' is not necessarily a hoax. Frederic W. H. Myers, one of the early founders of the Society, recognized long ago that a region of the mind that he called 'subliminal' existed below the threshold of consciousness. This region, now generally referred to as the 'subconscious,' is able to transmit thoughts and emotions through some unknown medium. Spiritualists deduce from this established fact that the subconscious exists independently of the physical body, survives death, and can be brought into communication with the living world.

Although the Society for Psychical Research has not indorsed the theory of an after life, many individual members have come to believe in one. The most impressive evidence of survival of the subconscious after death is that fragments of a single connected message have been appearing in communications to different people, most of whom have never seen

each other. If these fragments of one message come from a living individual, that person must be able to gather thoughts from many minds and combine them most ingeniously for a fraudulent purpose. The messages contain personal information too intimate to be published, but those who have seen them are much impressed. When more material of the same kind has been gathered, the Society may be in a position to make a definite announcement on the subject of survival of the subconscious after this life.

Recently, however, the Society has been devoting more attention to stamping out old superstitions than to creating new ones. In order to 'emphasize the absolute futility of Black Magic ritual under twentieth-century conditions and thus shame its remaining devotees,' a group of English psychical researchers led by one Harry Price set out for the Harz Mountains bearing a preserve jar that contained a preparation known as *Pipistrellus Noctolus* made of 'the blood of bats caught before the midnight hour, scrapings from a church bell to be mixed with soot and bees' honey into a fair ointment.' Mr. Price described as follows his attempt to gather the ingredients:—

'I myself made several attempts to catch bats before midnight, but with no success. Then I struck on the idea of combining the catching of bats with that of obtaining the scrapings from a church bell. The job was done one night when I got a Sussex bell ringer to trap the bats in the belfry of his own church.'

On the assumption that Harz mountaineers who were willing to believe in Black Magic would also gladly believe that the ointment brought from England was genuine, the party outlined its plans as follows, according to the *London Observer*:—

'The ritual for the tryst, which Mr. Price will perform with the assistance of a "virgin he-goat" and a "maiden pure in heart," is an elaborate affair. It will be performed during a night of full moon.

The ground before the famous natural monolith that surmounts—the Brocken will be inscribed with a large triangle, a "magic circle," and cabalistic signs. Mr. Price will light a pine fire outside the "magic circle." Before him will stand the goat, held on a silken cord by the maiden. He will then light a bowl of incense and place it on the apex of the triangle, after which he will recite "*Mutare et insignem attenuat deus obscura promens*" (a misquotation of Horace's "*Valet in summis mutare, et insignem attenuat deus obscura promens*"). After ten minutes have elapsed the maiden will anoint the goat with the ointment, as she does so reciting, "*Terra es, terram ibis.*" She will take the animal by the horns and turn it round three times in an anti-clockwise direction.

'At this moment—according to the MS.—the moon should be obscured. If it is not, Mr. Price has arranged to obscure it himself by releasing a heavy smoke screen. After which the maiden will cover the goat with a white cloth—the signal for an "apparition" to appear within the triangle. As soon as this happens she will hurriedly remove the cloth from the goat, when in its place (again according to the MS.) will be seen "a faire youth of surpassing beauty."

'Mr. Price is not at all concerned with the appearance of the youth of surpassing beauty. "That is the last thing in the world we expect to happen," he remarked. "The experiment is being undertaken to prove that, although the ritual is observed down to the smallest detail, nothing supernatural of the kind described in the old manuscript can occur."

"We hope by means of this experiment," he added, "to stamp out once and for all the belief in Black Magic that still lingers in odd corners of Europe."

Needless to say, the goat did not turn into a young man. But another miracle, the more remarkable because it was not anticipated, did take place. The English researchers transformed themselves, *en masse*, into goats.

JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY, 1932

SUCH individual acts of violence as the recent assassination of the Japanese Premier have less political importance than the growing radicalization of Japanese students. During the five or six years of the boom, graduates from the higher schools found jobs waiting for them with salaries that averaged two hundred yen a month. Japanese business encouraged young men to take part in Westernizing Japan, the larger firms calling weekly conferences and asking the opinion of their young employees. Now the situation is reversed, and large numbers of young men are turned out on the world with an elaborate education but no opportunity to earn a living. The result is that Japanese students are no longer favored by the Government as future go-getters but are regarded as potential revolutionists.

The cleavage in viewpoint between the Government and the masses of middle-class students is revealed in the preliminary report of the quaintly named Commission of Inquiry into Students' Ideas. After peering into university class rooms, the Commission has come to some vague but ominous conclusions. It does not feel that mere utilitarianism, in other words, training students for more varied kinds of work, will remedy matters—an obvious enough decision, as few jobs of any sort are to be had. Instead, it seeks a remedy in 'uplift' and idealism. It complains that students are not properly instructed in the Japanese system of government, that history is given no significance, and that the Japanese and Chinese classics are inadequately taught. In short, the Commission discovered that

the student is not sufficiently imbued with patriotism.

The Japanese are supposed to belong to one great family that spreads in concentric circles of relationship from the Emperor. But it is easy to point out that a readiness for common action against a foreign enemy does not solve domestic conflicts. That kind of patriotism would not be enough, even if the students were thoroughly soaked in it, to do away with the class struggle. The report therefore devotes a great deal of space to Marxian tendencies. It speaks of the 'seeming theoretical perfection of Marxism' and says that 'students should, therefore, be trained to take a critical view of Marxism.' The point is not stressed, however, as some cases have been known in which teachers who studied Marx in order to refute him were converted to Marxism themselves.

Other educational authorities, in a discussion some time ago of this root of what the Japanese refer to as 'dangerous thinking,' expressed their disbelief in the efficacy of simply criticizing the Marxist system, for the present misery of the middle class has made many of its members feel that the security of communism would be preferable to the hazards of capitalism. To work actively for such an end is punishable by death in present-day Japan, where the Communist Party is outlawed, although novels and essays written from a Marxian viewpoint are growing in number and popularity. In the light of these conditions, it appears that the real kernel of the report of the Commission of Inquiry into Students' Ideas lies in the suggestion that the school authorities coöperate with the police.

AS OTHERS SEE US

THE STIMSON DOCTRINE

THE foreign press recognized more swiftly and more fully than did our own the historic importance of Secretary Stimson's address on American foreign policy before the Council on Foreign Relations, in which he declared that the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact 'necessarily carries with it the implication of consultation.' The London *Times* in a leading editorial on the subject complimented Mr. Stimson on having taken 'a real step in advance in the organization of world peace' and then remarked:—

In pre-war days any nation had a full legal right to make war on its neighbors. International law defined the rights of belligerents and of neutrals, who had to observe absolute impartiality between the combatants and who were not expected to interfere in what legally was no concern of theirs. Any remonstrance was liable to be construed as an unfriendly act. That was a possible attitude when countries were still more or less self-contained and two nations could fight one another without imperiling or seriously incommoding the rest of the world. It has become impossible now that the nations are so closely linked together and have become economically so dependent one on another. An outbreak of hostilities in any part of the world is now recognized as a danger to the interests of all, which all are justified in making every effort to prevent. The appalling destructiveness with which science has invested modern weapons has made the world justly apprehensive lest, in another war on anything like the scale of the last, civilization itself should be swept off the earth. With this change of circumstances there has come a revolution

in the legal position. A war is no longer a lawful duel, but a crime under international law, and, on the part of signatories of the Briand-Kellogg Pact, a violation of undertakings solemnly given to all the other signatories, against which they have not merely the right but even a duty to protest. Formerly, when two governments appeared to be drifting into war, other governments were expected to turn their eyes away and to be chary of any comment that might be taken as an unmannerly and unwelcome interference in things that were not their business. Now, as soon as there appears to be any danger of an outbreak of hostilities, the other governments are expected to get together and concert their efforts to preserve peace. Even the most powerful nations are prepared in such circumstances to be called to account, and know that they will have to explain and justify their conduct before an international assembly in the eyes of the whole world. All this may not give complete security. No system that could be devised could give that. But it is a powerful deterrent to any would-be aggressor, and it can be made increasingly effective by the general acceptance of Mr. Stimson's interpretation of the Briand-Kellogg Pact and of its implications. In Washington the speech is described as a most important official pronouncement on American foreign policy. It is there considered to have special reference to the situation that may arise when the Lytton Commission presents its report on Manchuria. That situation may or may not have been in Mr. Stimson's mind. But the policy he enunciates has a value and importance for the whole future of international relationships quite independent of its bearing on any specific problem.

Wickham Steed, a former editor of the *Times*, wrote it a letter on Mr.

Stimson's speech making the point that neutrality is now a thing of the past:—

— Important though Mr. Stimson's declarations are upon the principle of international consultation as being inherent in the Briand-Kellogg Pact, still higher importance attaches to his opening statement that the Pact has 'changed the whole doctrine of neutrality,' and that war is 'no longer the concern only of the nations engaged in it, but of every nation in the world.'

Some of us who have given thought to this matter reached the conclusion long since that, if the Kellogg-Briand Pact means anything at all, the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy implies equally the renunciation of neutrality. Neutral rights are conceivable only in relation to war as a lawful institution. From illegality no legal rights can flow. Hence it would seem that, in so far as the Briand-Kellogg Pact outlaws war for national advantage, it must outlaw neutrality in regard to such a war.

Mr. Stimson is certainly right in saying that the Pact has set jurists a new problem; and it may interest your readers to know that one of the leading British Prize Court Judges, whose authority on international law is beyond question, assured me eighteen months ago that the thesis that Mr. Stimson now supports is flawless in logic and in law. Last year an eminent Belgian lawyer of international repute also demonstrated in a course of public lectures that the doctrine of neutrality, and international law in general, have been revolutionized by the implications of the Briand-Kellogg Pact. He showed clearly that the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy has undermined the legal basis of neutrality. Thus Mr. Stimson is not alone in terming so great a change 'revolutionary.' It is revolutionary, at least in principle, for it goes beyond the Covenant of the League of Nations, which contemplates four

possibilities of lawful war, and therefore of lawful neutrality on the part of non-belligerents.

The Paris press, however, was distinctly less enthusiastic, and the *Journal des Débats*, organ of the French heavy industries, deprecated the Stimson proposals as follows:—

For the prohibition of war to be effective all nations must be ready to run the risk of being directly involved in international politics. The Kellogg Pact is supposed to prevent the violation of peace: if the moral condemnation of the aggressor is enough to make him lay down his arms, as Mr. Stimson seems to believe, the engagement to take eventual action against him by main force remains Platonic; if this is not the case, such an engagement is a necessity, for without it the Kellogg Pact would be a snare and a delusion which might be turned to advantage by an unloyal country that would profit from the false security in which those nations which it attacked had lived.

Not that we underestimate the judgment of the universal conscience that would act in favor of the victim if the conflict lasted, but fear of this conscience did not prevent Germany from violating the clearest of international laws, the one that guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium. If the Germans had not been stopped at the Battle of the Marne and if, as they hoped, they had won a brilliant victory within a few weeks, we are very much afraid that the *fait accompli* would have been accepted. In 1914 the American government did not even dream of protesting diplomatically against the crime, flagrant as it was, that had been committed against Belgium. Public opinion is subject to eclipse. Even to-day don't we observe that in many parts of the world it is showing extraordinary indulgence toward the men and parties who, in Germany and elsewhere, have the greatest disdain for law? As long as Pontius Pilate

is the inspiration of diplomats, nobody can feel safe in a world in which the forces of destruction are more highly developed than ever.

These reservations are all the more necessary because an attempt is going to be made to play up Mr. Stimson's declaration at Geneva. For his part, he was chiefly concerned with Far Eastern affairs, but he was perhaps thinking of disarmament, too. The *London Times* has affirmed that the declarations of the American Secretary of State are improving the prospects of the Disarmament Conference because they are adding to security. But, in reality, only the assurance of mutual assistance would justify such an opinion, and nobody wants that yet.

But *L'Europe Nouvelle*, a liberal weekly which used to express the views of Aristide Briand, says that the Stimson speech is just as important as the Hoover Moratorium of a year ago and urges England, France, and the United States to enter into an agreement to guarantee world peace:—

Everything depends in the future on the audacity that the statesmen of Washington exhibit and on the support that they find in their Congress and in their public. From a practical point of view it seems likely that a durable accord between the United States, Great Britain, and France which would indorse more or less explicitly the abandonment of the principle of the freedom of the seas would give the world considerable security and relief. The negotiations between President Hoover and Mr. MacDonald at Rapidan are a first step in this direction; the Anglo-French accord at Lausanne opens new perspectives to which the leaders of American foreign policy have not remained blind. Let us conclude by remarking that Mr. Stimson's thought seems to corre-

spond with that of M. Herriot, as expressed in a speech at Geneva: 'In our opinion, we must complete the outlawing of war by outlawing the aggressor, by not giving this outlaw the title of belligerent, by giving the weak and the ultimate victims the effective protection of all nations.' It is in this word 'effective' that the difference, or perhaps the fruitful controversy, between two continents lies.

AMERICA'S NAVY AND JAPAN'S

WRITING in the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*, Admiral Degouy of the French navy lists the Pacific fleets of America and Japan and in his closing paragraph endeavors to prophesy the outcome of a naval struggle between the two countries:—

Obviously, the United States navy is the stronger. This means that it corresponds more closely to the popular conception of a Great Power's naval force, in other words a fleet including everything, and that means a great deal, that can be used for military purposes at sea, always provided the sea remains moderately calm and the heavens do not disturb the superb composure of man. In the pleasant latitudes of the immense Pacific cohesion can be maintained between the heterogeneous collection of vessels that make up the American navy, large ships and small ones, rapid and slow, surface craft and submarines, not to mention airplanes; but what will happen in the stormy waters surrounding China and Japan during the season of heavy fog, bad weather, and typhoons? What chances there are for dislocation, separation, delays, vain attacks, lost time, and wasted opportunity.

How can we fail to remember Philip II's magnificent Armada? The 'little Japs,' who are very nautical, very persevering, very familiar with their own waters, would be able to play the same decisive rôle with their homogeneous,

highly mobile little squadrons that Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins played with their small vessels against the heavy Spanish fleet, which had been exhausted by the bad weather in the Atlantic before it even arrived at the English Channel. But let us not push too far this comparison, which might easily become unfair, between the victors in the Spanish-American War and the fleet of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, that unhappy favorite to whom the King of Spain said on his return, 'I did not send you to fight the elements,' which, by the way, was a fine example of magnanimity and intelligent justice. For the principal reason for the failure of the Armada was a twenty-day delay by the army of the Duke of Parma, for whom the Armada was waiting in the ports of Flanders.

In any case, there is nothing more uncertain than prophesying the outcome of war. Who, for instance, would have believed that the soldiers of Canton would have halted the conquerors of Mukden? Let us not go beyond the observations that can be made on the basis of the actual array of forces that would be facing each other if war were to occur, which God forbid, between America and Japan.

TORY TO YANK

BBRITISH publications that appeal to the most aristocratic elements in the country have always abused the United States just as roundly as our own gutter press abuses Great Britain. Sometimes, as in the case of the late L. J. Maxse, the anti-American publicists of England possessed a vigor of style that gave to their comments a

singular glow. The *National Review*, which Mr. Maxse used to edit, still continues its good work of belaboring the Yanks, and what it has lost in pungency by Mr. Maxse's death it has gained in influence by the arrival in power of the National Government. The leading article in its September issue, entitled 'Those War Debts' and signed by one W. G. Fitz-Gerald, comes to this spirited conclusion:—

These war debts have been as grit in the world's economic gear, thrown as by mindless children who have no foresight of consequence, either to others or to themselves. America's prestige, in truth, had no sounder basis than uncanny luck and natural riches. To these the natives added 'bunk and ballyhoo,' so as to 'put it across' on the wiser nations. And this they achieved with a sublimate of Barnumism that would delight a Lucian or a Swift.

'Financial advisers' from Poland to Persia—and 4,800 of the home banks collapsing in two years! George Washington in Trafalgar Square, and Lincoln beside the Empire's Parliament. And our own statesmen and press hanging on a President's speech as though it contained the world of wisdom that flowed from Brahma's mouth!

Here is the very apotheosis of strident propaganda; the imposition of an inferior will and cultus upon the superior peoples. Is the spell broken at last? It *may* vanish with those war debts—and with the hugged fallacy of that 'unthinkable war' that the American war so neatly defines as 'the war we're always thinking about!'

THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

THE LITTLE ESSAY by Kinzo, a Japanese visitor to Europe, is one of the most enlightening documents that has come our way in some time. It not only recognizes the fundamental resemblance between Hitler and Ramsay MacDonald as demagogues, but it points out that the new type of European leader must be a man of proletarian origin. And that Kinzo should indorse European Fascism so heartily throws a good deal of light on what may be expected in his part of the world.

M. J. BONN, author of an admirable new book entitled *The Crisis of Capitalism in America*, describes the background of the German intellectual and how he has been affected by the crisis. As one of the most celebrated professors of economics in Germany, he knows what he is talking about. Our other piece on Germany is also more concerned with background than immediate events. Herr Molden argues that the Hitlerites are not such true heirs of Bismarck as they imagine, for Bismarck, in spite of all his blood and iron, had himself received a liberal education and carried out liberal policies without quite knowing it. The present trend in Germany away from liberalism is therefore not a return to the 'good old days' but an entirely new and disturbing phenomenon.

MAJOR P. C. WREN, author of *Beau Geste* and *Beau Sabreur*, whose latest novel, *Valiant Dust*, is being published by Frederick A. Stokes this autumn, once served in the French Foreign Legion. His description of the most exciting twenty-four hours that he spent in that organization was broadcast in England as part of a series of talks known as 'Hazards' and

was subsequently printed in *The Listener*, the official weekly publication of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

A PARIS CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Guardian* had the good fortune to secure a long interview with Eugene Zamiatin, one of the most popular novelists in Soviet Russia. From it we get a more human picture of the country than most newspaper dispatches vouchsafe as well as the definite impression that the state is granting more and more liberty to the individual, especially to the creative artist. But what will shock most Americans is that in Russia the novelist not only enjoys more freedom than the business man but makes more money.

EGON FRIEDEL, author of *A Cultural History of the Modern Age*, whose third and final volume makes its appearance this autumn, has learned from the English the art of writing light, paradoxical essays. But his plea for frivolousness is something more than a display of wit and fancy. It shows that some Germans have achieved a wholly new state of mind that is even able to survive the depressing effects of the crisis.

TWO MONTHS AGO we reprinted one of the last essays of G. Lowes Dickinson, whose recent death robs England of a great teacher and writer. Mr. E. M. Forster, author of *A Passage to India*, pays him the tribute he deserves. Also in our 'Persons and Personages' department is a description of a meeting that occurred in Vienna about a year ago between Einstein and Piccard. It appears that the two men are old friends and that Einstein tried to dissuade the Belgian scientist from making his latest ascent in the stratosphere. Incidentally, it is quite significant that both men are ardent pacifists.

WAR AND PEACE

BUT if now the rearmament of Germany is to begin, with the answering recrudescence of French nationalism, nothing can prevent the madness of a new race in armaments, and a rivalry all the more ominous for the fact that Germany and Russia may have been driven into each other's arms by the folly of the Western statesmen. In the resulting insecurity of that atmosphere, the long, patient labors of the French friends of peace would be undone.—*Viscount Cecil, former British delegate to the League of Nations.*

We have been waiting for more than ten years for the fulfillment of our just claims, and the Disarmament Conference has now arrived at the point where a decision on the question of our equality rights must be forthcoming, for no one has a right to expect Germany to tolerate discrimination that is incompatible with the honor of the German people and the safety of the nation.—*Baron von Neurath, German Foreign Minister.*

Wise people, while pacific, at the same time must remain forever vigilant. Even President Hoover insists on maintaining the land and naval forces of the United States at a sufficiently high level to make foreign invasion impossible. France is firmly determined to develop every effort toward peace, but as a result of cruel memories is resolved to profit by past mistakes.—*Édouard Herriot, French Premier.*

Only through hard fighting lies the way to victory.—*Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm.*

The truth is that war as a form of activity is not as unpopular as the pacifists pretend. The very fact that the word 'pacifist' has a contemptuous sub-meaning is significant of much in this connection—and propaganda for peace appears to be far more difficult than propaganda for war. The reason for this, no doubt, is that peace is at best a negative ideal, since peace by itself is nothing, whereas what you do with peace is everything; while war is a positive ideal, because it is waged for some specific purpose.—*'Saturday Review,' London Tory Weekly.*

Japan has now defied the whole world—the League of Nations, the anti-war pact, the Nine-Power Treaty and other international commitments, and finally the public opinion of mankind. She is laboring under the fanciful idea that she could realize her dream of military conquest by rushing matters through and creating a *fait accompli* before the world pronounces its final judgment. But the enlightened nations of the world have already declared they will not recognize any situation brought about by violence. China will never surrender one inch of her territory or any of her sovereign rights under stress of military force, which she condemns and is determined to resist to the best of her ability.—*Dr. Lo Wen-kan, Chinese Foreign Minister.*

All mankind should observe humanity and justice. But there are international conflicts. To harm others and to profit one's self is against humanity and justice. In establishing this state, morality, humanity, and justice are adopted as the basic principles.—*Henry Pu-yi, dictator of Manchukuo.*

The rule of inferior spirits has been broken. The time of the soldier has come. The system of Weimar and the system of parties have collapsed. The first of our aims has been realized; the will to defend ourselves has been reawakened. Our next aim is the reintroduction of compulsory military training, after which will come the third aim—the will to attain the highest spiritual values for Germany by developing conscious national leadership.—*Franz Seldte, leader of German Steel Helmets.*

It is our duty, Frenchmen, to bridle our powers of money and finance, our great industrial barons, those secret or avowed directors of our policy; we must oppose their seedy imperialistic enterprises for the subjection of Europe with mercenary armies and for the exploitation of colonial races. And, all together, we must examine the surest methods to break the sinews of war, to strike at the decisive point against the very roots of profit and of death—munition factories and the means of transport. It is for the workers to strangle war.—*Romain Rolland, French writer.*